THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIII. No. 1743

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

JUNE 17, 1933

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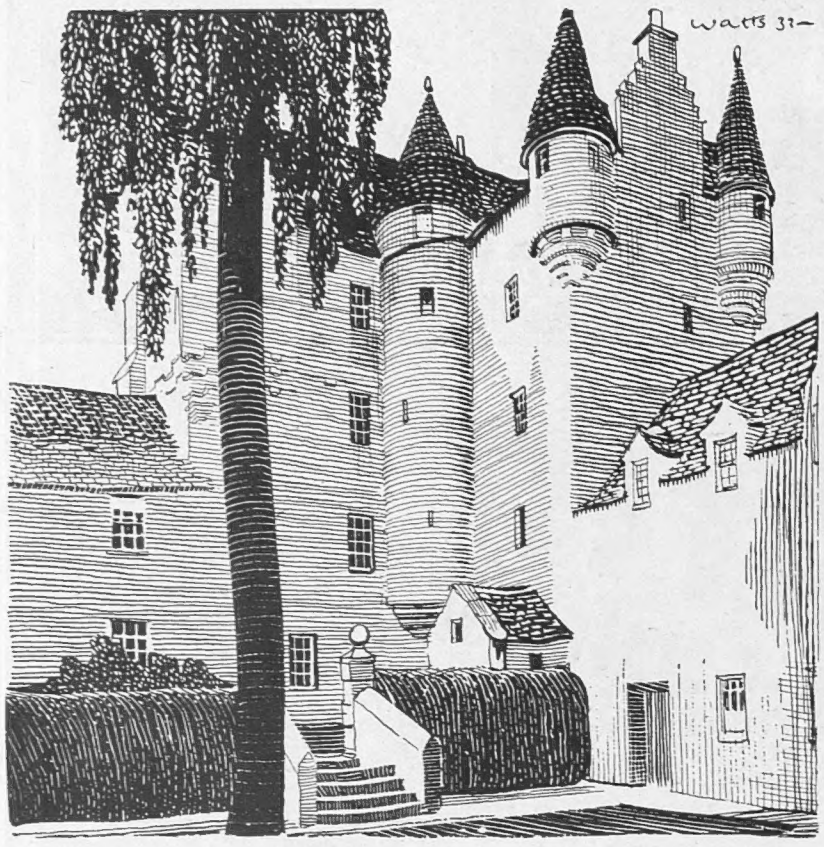

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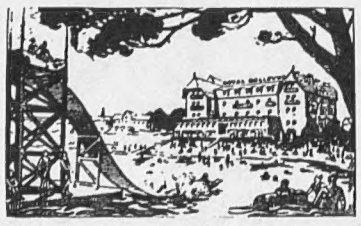

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, June 17, 1933

ROYAL ASCOT ONCE AGAIN

Brilliant Racing on an Opening Day of Sunshine and Shadow

The most important four days' racing of the year failed to open with the hoped for brilliant weather and, before the first race, furs, mackintoshes, and umbrellas, were much in evidence. The dreaded storm, fortunately, never came and there was no repetition of that disastrous downpour of 1930. But clouds sweeping across the course earlier in the day robbed the meeting of its greatest spectacle—the Royal Procession. This year the King and Queen drove from Windsor Castle in a closed car and on arrival went straight to the Grand Stand. Some excellent racing, however, soon made up for this initial disappointment, while snatches of sunshine encouraged the visitors to discard their coats and reveal the fashions of the season. Many, however, had, in the uncertainty, kept their chiffon and organdie creations for the following days, and velvet wraps and woolly frocks were as much to the fore as the lighter materials. The fashions of the opening day, as the above picture shows, fully revealed the general uncertainty regarding what to wear. The most popular event of the afternoon was the Prince of Wales's Stakes in which Hyperion put up another fine performance to win by two lengths. Keen finishes were a feature of most of the races and backers appeared to get considerably the better of the layers

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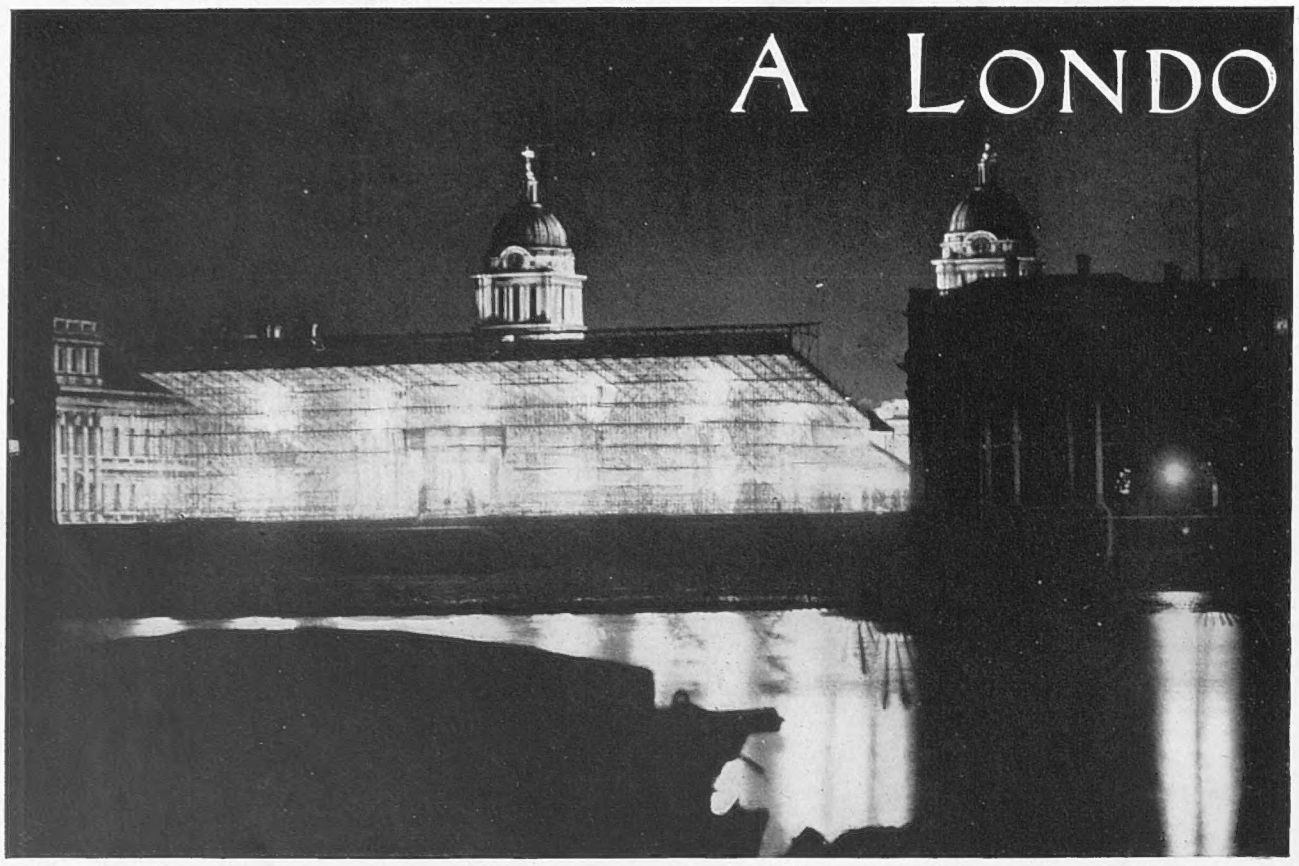


Special "Sphere" picture

LONDON'S PALACE BY THE RIVER: The onetime Royal Palace of the Stuarts, and now the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, illuminated at night during a rehearsal of the night pageant. The William and Mary domes above the chapel and the Painted Chamber are lit up by floodlights

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, June 14, 1933.

TEN YEARS OF PEACE.—

To Mussolini history will accord the diplomatic genius which brought into being the Four-Power Pact, though he himself paid a generous tribute to Mr. MacDonald. If the initials of the Duce, of Sir R. Graham, of M. de Jouvenal, and of Herr von Hassell can indeed ensure ten years of peace in Europe, then surely diplomacy is mother of the arts and there is something to be said for the age of formulæ. And this day ten years we must tear up that damnable notion that treaties are but "scraps of paper." At the moment we are too much puzzled to do more than gape. For these games of inventing acceptable formulæ are rather like parlour games until they prove themselves to be something more solid and serious. That will come about if Article 3 really means something more than a jingle of words and if the high contracting parties put their united energies into implementing it. Two months ago Europe was on the threshold of war, and there was no solution to the problem dreamed of. To-day eight initial letters subscribed to a formula of words have ensured peace for a decade at least. It is as simple as that—and as inexplicable. Small wonder if we scratch our heads and gape.

THE FINAL PROBLEM.—

The Geological Museum is transformed by the "Technique of Geneva" into the very moral of a World Conference Bureau or amalgam of bureaux. The Tower of Babel (in the best sense of the word) is in commission, and in sixty-eight private rooms, sixty-eight different tongues are thrashing out formulæ. Once these eggs are laid, they are carried carefully to central nesting boxes where sub-committees are brooding. The eggs are put under the foster mothers, who will sit on them for the period of gestation—four to six weeks—and then it is hoped the shells will crack and there will emerge chicks of all kinds, some of which may hardly be recognized by their real parents as bone of their bone. The Secretary-General, M. Avenol, has approved the arrangements. *C'est le premier pas qui coûte*—and in the parlour game of finding formulæ the setting is vitally important. There is no lake scenery in South Kensington to distract the eye, but there are fossil trees in the Museum garden and pretty nurserymaids in charge of fat English babies. And on the whole, the fewer distractions the better. For there is much to do. Into six weeks or so it is hoped to cram all those multitudinous questions which have been funked and burked and shelved for fifteen wasted years. Because the last hour has struck, the nations, even the most obstinate and recalcitrant, have come to London with a real will to achieve success and, we believe, with broken and contrite hearts. To secure the stabilization of international currency, America is prepared to part with the principle of high tariffs. To the same end, France is prepared to co-operate generously (subject, of course, to guarantees). Sixty-six other chief delegates put forward aspirations not less rosy.

"THE LEATHER EXPRESS": The 2nd Battalion, the Buffs, seen on their five-day recruiting march last week. They left Shorncliffe on Monday and travelled via Dover, Sandwich, Ramsgate, Margate, and Canterbury. As this picture shows, some really hot weather was encountered during the march

WORK AND PLAY.—

It is up to us to wait and see; to give credence to nothing we read which is not hopeful; to breathe no whisper of doubt into the ear of doubting Thomas; to sow no seed of dissension; to suffer no malice or evil speaking in our presence. There is no millennium at the end of the jamboree, but something will come of it, something constructive, and tending to world co-operation. As for the debts question, America ruled it out of the Conference and we must not fear that our perfectly inevitable refusal to pay in full will trouble the waters. For sixty-eight nations dare not go empty away, leaving the museum to receive its exhibits and civilization to face its final ruin. But all work and no play makes Jack, Jacques, Jake, Juan, Johann, etc., a dull boy, especially when he is at work on as dry-as-dust a problem as currency, exchange, and tariffs, and it is consoling to read the programme of entertainment. There are banquets and garden parties, gala performances and receptions almost every day, and when British hospitality halts breathless for an instant, there are the famous fixtures of the London Season to be attended, such as Wimbledon which every delegate can understand and Lord's which none can comprehend. And Ascot, Henley, the Tattoo, etc. Garden party invitations will take the delegates out of London to Sir Philip Sassoon's at New Barnet, to Lord Ebbisham's at Cobham, to the famous Cliveden Reach for Lord Astor's, and of course to Windsor for the King's party. Sixty-six nations should learn a good deal about British character, scenery, manners, and customs before the end of July.

GAMBLING.—

I should sing a pæan over the recommendations of the Betting and Lotteries Commission if I believed that the Government would implement a substantial part of them. It represents a year's work, it is a compromise, and it does not succeed in eliminating the inconsistencies of the present laws nor the illogicality of the national policy. Gambling is deep rooted in the race. The poorest class to-day is most severely bitten. The volume of betting amounts to £230,000,000 a year, and over £18,000,000 have gone into the Irish sweepstakes alone in two-and-a-half years. Gambling is acknowledged as a serious cause of crime and impoverishment. How does the Commission propose to amend these evils? As to lotteries, the law which exists is to be strengthened. The State alone in this country is fit to run lotteries and the general view is maintained that for a first-class nation of our dignity, State lotteries are undesirable. To check private endeavour contrary to the law, postal search is to be redoubled and money found forfeited to the State. The village "raffle" is to be winked at. But Press forecasting competitions, in character purely gambling, are forbidden. As to betting. Totalizators are restricted to horse racecourses under B.C.B. control. Office and dog racecourse totalizators are forbidden. Dog racecourses must be licensed and betting restricted to two days a week, and the management must have no interest in the betting. Bookmakers must be licensed and registered and practically forbidden to advertise. But cash betting by post is legalized and deposit bets may be made in a special box in a bookmaker's office. The Press tipster is exterminated. How much of this report is likely to become law within the life of the present Parliament? Very little, I fancy. Even a National Government is at heart a vote catcher and detests interfering with a popular passion. When such unpleasant duty is towards, it usually pleads press of more urgent business. For a score of strident and powerful voices will be raised. There will be the old cry of injustice to the dog tracks and the totalizators. The dog track flourishes largely on gambling and the Commission cuts its dividends by 66 per cent. The tote is smiled on on the "rich man's" track and denied to the millions on a single ground of public interest which is admittedly barren hitherto. The report proves that logic and sentiment are irreconcilable and do nothing to remove the inconsistencies of law and policy on the whole question. Most of its articles will find their way to the w.p.b., that capacious grave of Government Commission reports. And we shall go on as before. And, speaking for myself, I shall be sorry.

SLETTER

RATAPLAN! — The Aldershot Tattoo is one of those national institutions of whose traditions the British public is jealous. No one would dare tamper with the "fade out" or seek at this day to improve the finale. It joins the Lord Mayor's Show, the Eton and Harrow match, the Derby, and the Armistice celebrations as a hardy annual not to be experimented with. Rushmoor is a natural arena which, when darkness falls, takes on a romance not observable by daylight. And the conjunction of darkness and military music, of uniforms and searchlights, stirs the blood and twists the heart even of the pacifist. Part of the popularity of the Tattoo is the organization. People who hate waiting and loathe queues have no fears of it. The Aldershot command is nuts on organization, and the arrangements for getting the cars quickly and smoothly away are the envy of foreigners and a source of national pride. But it is, perhaps, pleasanter to visit the Tattoo from Ascot or the south-west than from London. Aldershot's staff work does not extend beyond its own area. Is the Tattoo militarist? Does it glorify war? We are assured that it does not. All I can say is that I come away from it burning to wear uniform again and lead a forlorn hope to the cannon's mouth. And these desires are not ordinarily a part of my nature.

HOME MAKING AND HOME TAKING.—We must not boast, but we may be humbly thankful that unemployment is down by 150,000 in a year. The figures remain appalling, but the decrease is material and something more than seasonal. The building trade is responsible for much of it, and the Building Congress revealed some interesting facts concerning the housing efforts of the past fifteen years and the plans of the Building Societies to carry out the trust now reposed in them by the Government. 2,000,000 houses have been erected in England and Wales in fifteen years, of which one half were financed by the societies, whose loans since the War total £700,000,000. The Prince put his finger on the vital point when he stressed the importance of ownership. Therein lies safety for the Constitution, peace in industry, and patriotism in the nation. The man who has a stake in the country is the citizen whom every Government values. Sir Harold Bellman estimated that at present not more than one house in five is owned by the occupier, and the concurrent effort of the societies is to make known the advantages which they can offer to secure the ideal of house ownership. This housing problem is one of the world problems about which Britain has little to learn from other nations.

PYBUS SPEAKS OUT.—A year and more ago Mr. Pybus set up a committee to make recommendations for decreasing the dangers of the road. We have been burying people so fast since then that the adjective "monumental," which is universally applied to this report, is admirably apt. This committee suggests that automatic traffic signals at busy crossings might be effective. (This particular bombshell has somehow exploded prematurely. The secret has leaked out.) It further propcses: A new kind of guide-post which gives you direction before you reach and congest the cross roads. This is designed to abolish dirty work at the cross roads. So is the principle that by-road traffic must give way to main-road traffic. All unauthorized road signs must go—such as "Concealed drive," "Cattle crossing"; other, standardized, signs will provide work for craftsmen of all kinds. Main line routes, already officially numbered, will be clearly numbered through towns. Thus Hatchards will no longer be in Piccadilly but on A 4 (Bath Road). And now hope revives. The rule of the road, so long a "paradox quite," is in a fair way to be established on a logical basis, and the population should increase by leaps and bounds.

THE KING HONOURS ETON'S RETIRING HEADMASTER: Their Majesties acknowledging a reception from members of the college at Eton where they attended service in Upper Chapel on Sunday morning. Dr. Cyril Alington, who is seen walking with the Queen, is to retire at the end of this term

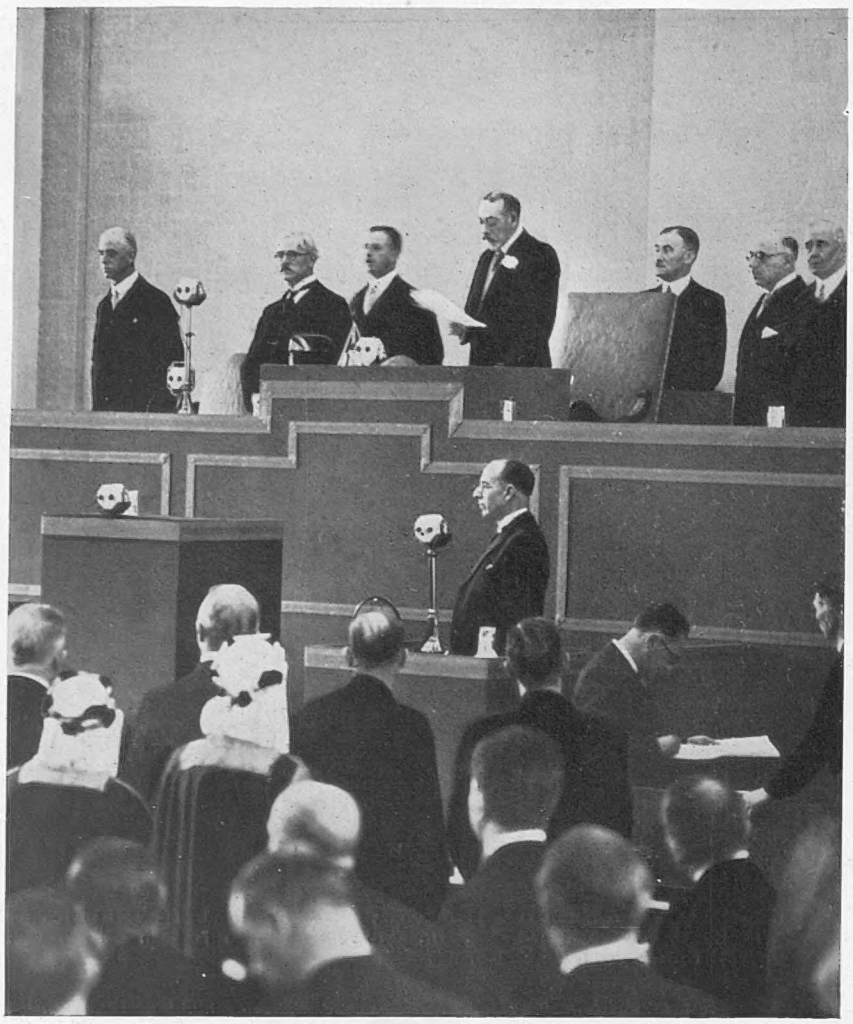
EXCELSIOR, OXFORD.—Oxford has been going it. Only the unfortunates who have been "creeping like snails unwillingly to"—the schools have resisted the general atmosphere of uplift and brilliance. The English Club—that bright young thing—secured Yeats to discourse on poetry and Charles Morgan on prose. The O.U.D.S. has been rehearsing *Midsummer Night's Dream* under German management. The painstaking Weissberger has now handed over to his chief, Reinhardt, who has just returned from Florence and Mussolini. Good for the O.U.D.S. Then Einstein attended the Union and listened to the young gentlemen who recently buried War, doing the like office for hoary Toryism; although Mr. Walter Elliot warned them that they were killing the golden goose. Small wonder that the lesser country houses close to Oxford have continued all through the slump to let well. The city in June, July, and August is a paradise of green and grey and silver, and every summer's day the intellectual may pick and choose from a varied menu. Mark my words. We shall hear Oxford mentioned soon among leading educational centres.

THE TREND OF HOME POLITICS.—An unwelcome return to party tactics was observed in a recent by-election. If some of our new hopes of progress towards debt settlement and disarmament and world trade revival come now to be realized, politicians' thoughts will inevitably turn home once more to domestic politics, and certainly it will make it far easier to forecast the probable trend of politics in the next decade. But if things continue to improve following satisfactory agreement at Geneva and in London, I fancy that the return to party—to three-party—politics will be deferred. At the end of its normal term—or earlier if a favourable juncture occur—it is my belief that the Government will once more go to the country *as a National Government*. A few of the leaders will be shed and rewarded and the younger men will carry on. When the time comes it will go to the country on its not contemptible achievements, and if trade is definitely improving and unemployment sensibly relieved I shall expect Nationalism to renew its reign for another term.

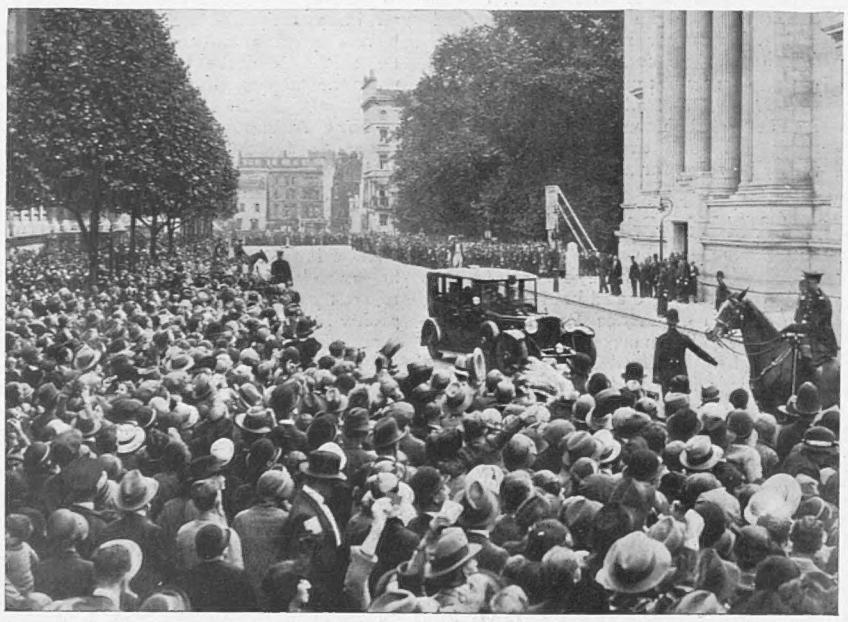
PRINCE PAUL.—Recently an announcement in an authoritative London journal—whose accuracy I bank on—caught my eye and held it. It was of the death of Prince Paul of Serbia. It proved to be an error. The Prince is alive and well. The dead man, Nicholas Karageorgevitch as he called himself, was in no way related to the reigning house of Jugoslavia, and in no sense a "Prince of Serbia." On the authority of the Jugoslav Legation in Paris, his passport designation as a son of Prince Arsène (brother of the late King Peter of Serbia) was inaccurate and the man an impostor. His death appears to have created a furore at Nice, where he seems to have been a figure of romance among the ladies. Prince Paul of Serbia is nearly related to King Alexander; he was very well known in London soon after the War and much sought after by hostesses. Therefore it distressed me that no notice was taken of his "death"; for he left in London scores of acquaintances and friends interested in his career. I am happy to learn he is well, and I greatly regret that I was the innocent means of giving sorrow, by giving credence to a report lacking foundation.

THE OLD STAGER

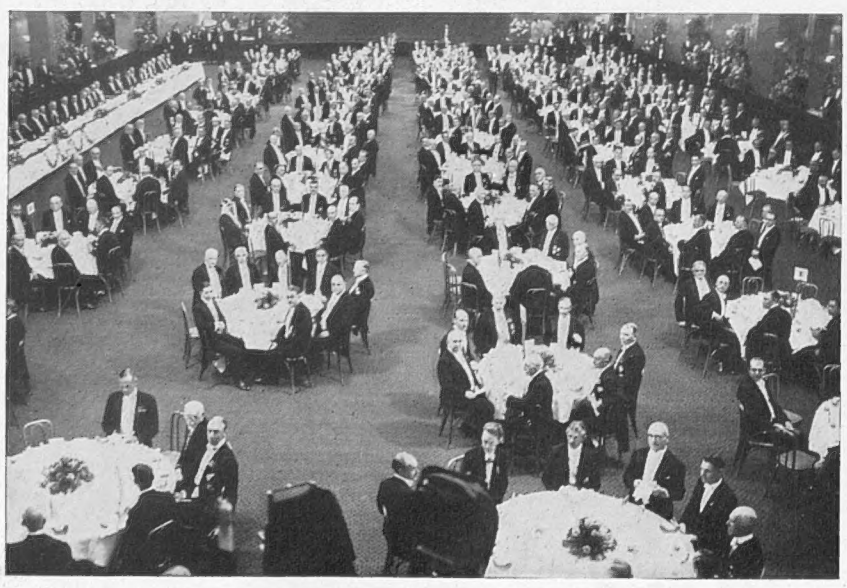
THE WILES OF WIMBLEDON'S CHAMPION: Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, who is once again in England to defend her Wimbledon tennis title, seen with the swans at St. George's Tennis Club, Weybridge, where she recently gave an exhibition game



THE KING OPENS THE CONFERENCE: His Majesty delivering the inaugural address from the rostrum. On the left is Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary-General of the League, and Mr. MacDonald, and on the right is M. Avenol, Secretary-General of the Conference



ARRIVING AT THE GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM: A view of the big crowd which turned out to greet the King as he arrived to open the Conference



THE DELEGATES AT DINNER: The representatives of the sixty-six nations dining at Grosvenor House after the opening of the Conference

DELEGATES LISTENING TO MR. MAC

KENSINGTON'S WORLD F

An Intimate Picture of the Delegates

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

"Now is the opportunity to harness this new consciousness of common interests to the service of mankind."

The powerful vibrant tones ceased. The slight bearded immaculate figure on the high green-and-white rostrum bowed, handed his manuscript to an interpreter, and sat down in a chair with a high scarlet back. The interpreter read out the speech in French. Then the British Sovereign rose, bowed, and walked out. The great Economic Peace Conference was on.

"If you hadn't got a King like that to do these things," drawled an American journalist to me, as we went out later that afternoon into the gardens (where workmen were still busy at the flower beds and carpentering at the new entrances, reminding one how rushed all this business has been), "I guess the opening inauguration would have been a flop." I agreed. The Scots politician who is Prime Minister of England gets more and more dramatic, and less and less convincing, every time I hear him. He must by now have qualified for the world's championship in the art of uttering platitudes of the "something must be done, my friends" sort.

The inaugural speech, blunt and forthright, said everything there was to say. If the British Premier had then got up and added: "Gentlemen, we all know why we are assembled here from the ends of the earth. Let us short-circuit procedure and appoint our committees, which can then proceed to their respective rooms in this building and get on with the job," I should have felt that Gabriel had indeed begun to hover between Whitehall and the Geological Museum in South Kensington.

How long this pow-wow is going on, and what will emerge from it, if anything, is anybody's guess. The delegates are no wiser than we are. A prominent politician, a week ago, told me gloomily over his brandy and cigar at the dinner-table, that he was "afraid the Americans are going to let us down." Doubtless Mr. Cordell Hull and his companions exchanged like sentiments about the British on their way over.

War debts are not on the agenda—yet Dr. Sprague, the American financial adviser, expressed the opinion to me a year ago, when he was economic adviser at the Bank of England, that until these debts are out of the way, and the disarmament problem solved, the chief economic problems which confront the world cannot be even reached, let alone solved.

Still, something may come of it if two or three big States can get together and agree to present the meeting with a plan of co-operative action to take or leave. The delegates anyway are wearing professional smiles this week, and will retain them while the junketing goes on—always provided our sumptuous hospitalities do not give them dyspepsia. It was quite a garden-party in the entrance hall half-an-hour before the King arrived from Windsor.

A tiny man with a big head and wavy brown hair beamed and shook hands, heels together, and bowing stiffly, with a tall fair giant. "How do you do?" rumbled Mr. Bruce from Australia, and, "Merci, so pleesed," murmured the miniature Chancellor Dollfuss, fresh from his feats in and out of Austria, which have latterly included singeing Hitler's moustache and persuading Mussolini to loan his Government a few millions.

A sun-tanned man with a rough pugnacious face and thinning grey hair came in with a tall, stoop-shouldered sun-tanned man with a thick thatch of whitening hair. "'Ullo," said the former, stopping to shake hands with a prosperous-looking gentleman with a well-filled waistcoat. "I've got a pain in me side. Been shrimping." Ramsay MacDonald walked on, leaving Mr. J. H. Thomas with Mr. Bennett from Canada. Mr. MacDonald does not shrimp, even on a Whitsun holiday.

A Frenchman jabbered to a Belgian and both looked towards a gigantic coal-black negro and laughed. The dusky giant glanced their way but remained unperturbed. Why should he worry if he looked a joke to a brace of spindly Europeans? He is no joke to himself. Besides, they had something to worry about, those Europeans. He had nothing on his mind. Let the Conference succeed or fail, his country would go on just the same.

An excited gentleman chatting with a group near the entrance in a language incomprehensible to me was exhibiting a yellow ticket. I had irrelevant thoughts of what a ticket that colour used to mean in Tzarist Russia. "He's tickled to death," said my American journalist companion. "He's got Number 1 from the cloak room. I guess he'll frame it and leave it to his children." "Or maybe donate it to his nation," put in another. "It'll be something to take home if there's nothing doing here, anyway."

So it went while the delegates crowded under the entrance canopies and over the red carpet into the huge white building, and drifted, chattering, into the great pillared main hall with its two dozen loud speakers, its battery of movie cameras and sound apparatus on a side stage, its rows of ticketed seats and desks, and its smell of fresh paint.

So it went—but how long this mood will survive, who knows? Moods began to get very ugly, and faces very grim, and tempers very frayed even in the family parliament at Ottawa as the Commonwealth leaders got closer down to the hard business of

DONALD'S PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS: A scene in the main hall of the Geological Museum on the opening day of the Conference

PARLIAMENT in Action

bargaining; and what is going to happen when each one of sixty-six nations, talking almost as many different tongues, starts in to drive a good bargain for itself, is a question.

I foresee some strong language behind the walls of those 600 rooms on five floors, whither the 2,000 delegates will disperse when the speeches are over. I can see the plump M. Litvinoff (his first visit to London since he was clapped into Brixton Jail, years ago), and little Benes, Titulescu, tall, lean, and the supplest diplomat in Europe; Schacht, bulldoggy yet nervous; and dapper Georges Bonnet, hurrying down from committee rooms to the special telephone booths to talk over the direct wire to their capitals. High tones, gestures, arguments, and threats.

The telegraph office will chatter night and day—it has a greater capacity than that of most big cities, and it will need all it has got. Weary delegates, frazzled after interminable arguments about the ethics of shipping subsidies, and protecting national potato crops, about controlling currencies and depreciating currencies in order to gain unfair trade advantages, about raising the price of silver, and so on and so on, will stagger down to refuel the human machine in the buffet lounge. And the darkest meanings will be read into the fact that M. X who stood Herr Y a drink yesterday, is now sitting on a high stool with Mr. Z and two martinis, and has not even a nod for Herr Y, digging his moustache into a stein of beer on an adjacent stool.

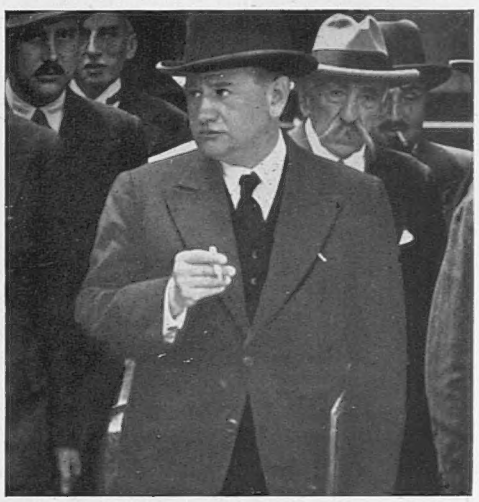
And from the basement to the President's room, and from the information bureau to the bulletin hall and the cable office, rumours will circulate, and escape by way of cable, and flickers in the ether, and transcontinental telephone, to the ends of the earth.

Eventually we shall know whether this conference, held curiously in a museum intended for geological relics, will be able to reconcile nationalistic aspirations and interests with the needs of a world which science has transformed into a single economic unit. If it even makes a beginning, we can safely describe it as a meeting of the first world parliament in human history.

But if it fails, the Geological Museum can be fittingly renamed the New House of Babel.

THE PRIME MINISTER receiving the Japanese delegates. Mr. Matsudaira in the centre

GERMANY: Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, President of the Reichsbank, seen with his daughter in London



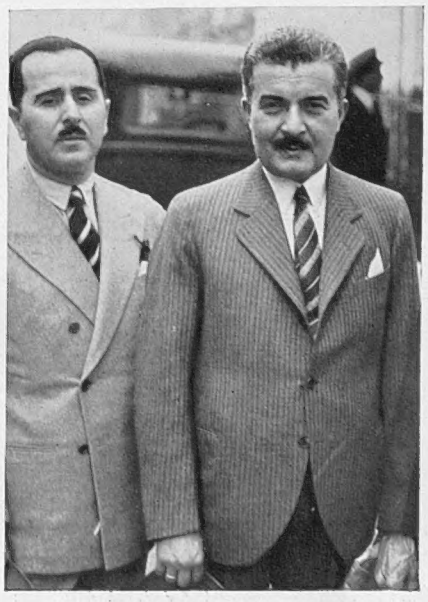
FRANCE: Monsieur Daladier, the French Prime Minister and first delegate of the French contingent

AUSTRIA: Dr. Dollfuss (left) the Austrian Chancellor, seen on arrival at Croydon

LITHUANIA: Members of the Lithuanian delegation and their wives arrive for the Conference

U.S.A.: Mr. Samuel D. McReynolds, and Mr. Cordell Hull, who represent the United States. The latter was to have made an early speech

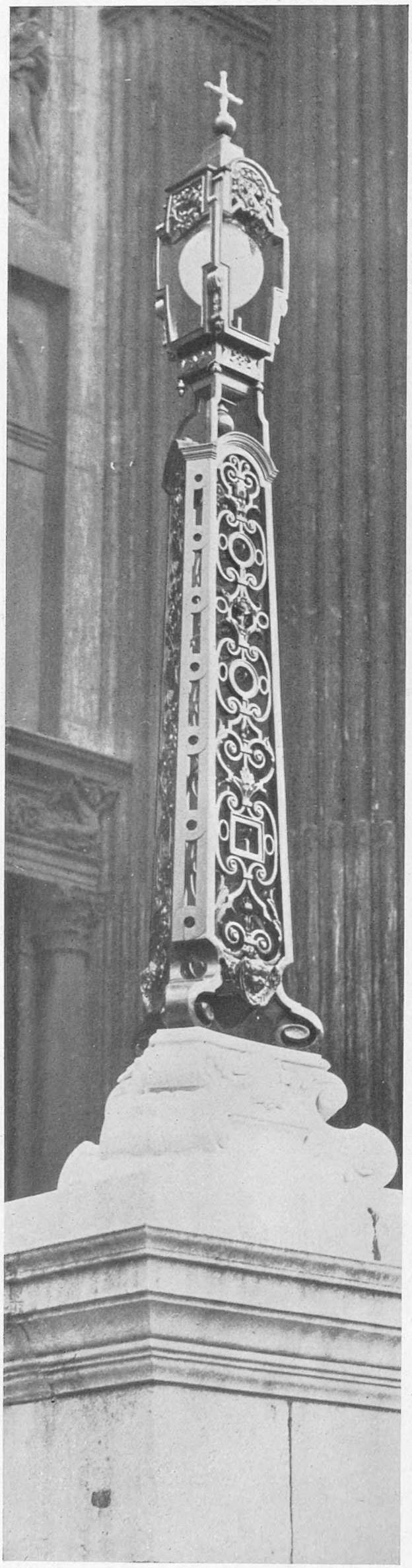
IRAQ: Representatives of one of the world's newest States in picturesque national costume



GREECE: M. Exarchakis and M. Mantzavinos who have arrived for the Conference with the Greek delegation

MME QUO TAI-CHI, wife of the Chinese delegate, seen before the dinner at the Dorchester attended by wives of the delegates

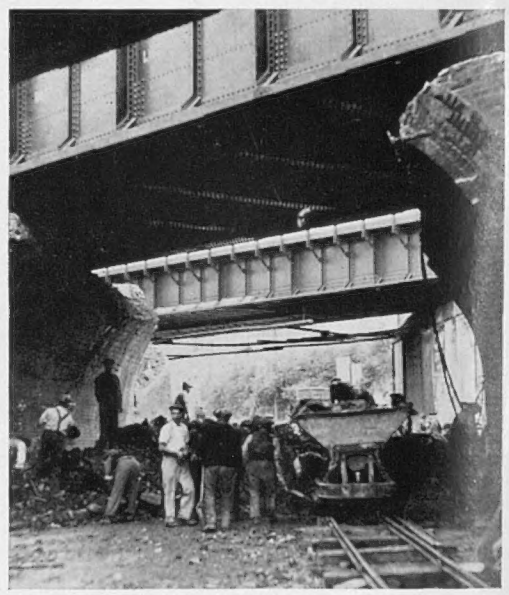
HOME — A Flying Battleship: William Penn Celebrations in Buckinghamshire: Southampton's Giant Dock Gate Arrives — NEWS



ARTISTIC ADORNMENTS FOR ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: One of the new lamp standards presented to the Cathedral by the Royal Academy of Arts seen after last week's unveiling ceremony

THE PENN PAGEANT: The trial of William Penn and William Mead re-enacted in the yard of William Russell's farm at Jordans, Buckinghamshire, in celebration of the founding of Pennsylvania. The historic barn in the background is believed to contain timbers from the *Mayflower*

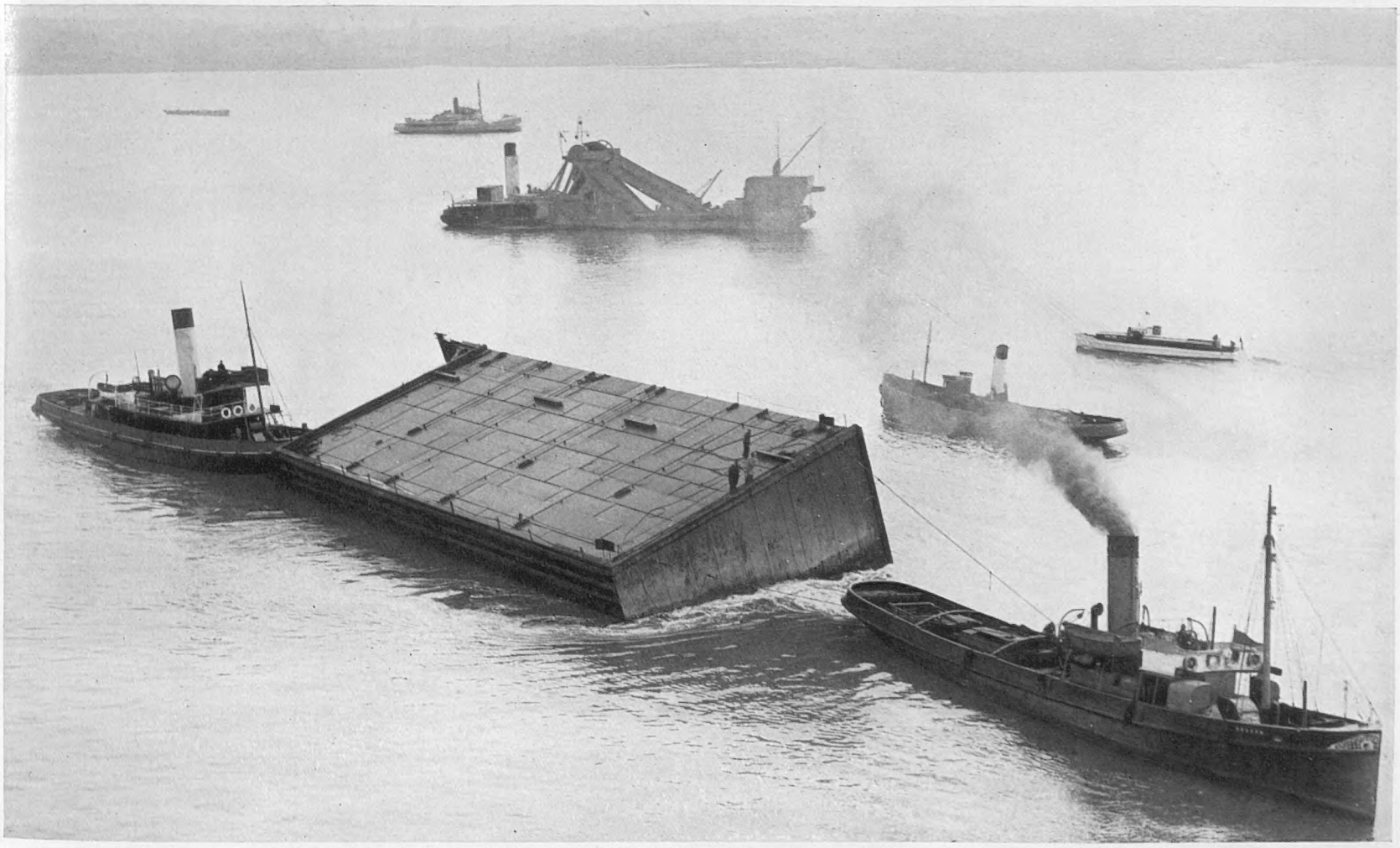
ADMIRAL PENN: One of the leading players in the Penn pageant. The presentation aroused so much interest that Mr. Frederick Woodhouse, the director, has been asked to produce the pageant in the United States next year



HIGH-SPEED DEMOLITION: Workmen clearing a portion of the main Brentwood-Southend Road at Shenfield after having demolished the old L.N.E.R. bridge and replaced it with a new structure. The road was closed for only twenty-four hours

MARCH OF THE HIKERS: A party of Bavarian sightseers, who are now on a visit to this country, exploring the beauties of Epping Forest. They are seen just after leaving the hostel at Buckhurst Hill where they had made a short stay

THE WORLD'S LARGEST MILITARY AIR MACHINE TO TAKE PART IN THE HENDON AIR PAGEANT: The six-engined Royal Air Force flying boat seen at Messrs. Short Brothers' works at Rochester undergoing final preparations for the pageant. This giant craft, the fastest non-racing type which has ever been designed, has a wing span of 120 ft. and is to be used for open-sea reconnaissance duties. She is propelled by three forward and three rear air-screws. The launching ceremony was postponed for the third time on Monday when an unfavourable wind prevented the 'plane from leaving the works

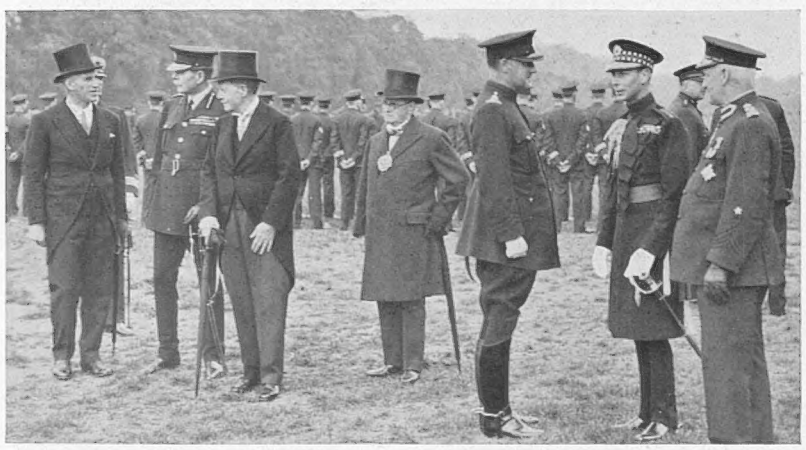


A GIANT GATE FOR CLOSING SOUTHAMPTON'S NEW GRAVING DOCK: The world's largest dock gate arriving at Southampton on June 11 after its long sea journey down the East coast. The gate left Haverton Hill on Tees, where it was launched, towards the end of April. It is built from 1,300 tons of British steel and is 138½ ft. long, 58 ft. high, and 29½ ft. wide

A WEEK-END SURVEY

A CANOEING ADVENTURE: Fräulein Meyer, a German girl, and John Nolan in the charge of military police at Shoeburyness where they were detained for entering a prohibited area during their canoe race round the British Isles

WORLD-RENOWNED WATER DIVINERS MEET IN FRANCE: Two of the expert diviners experimenting at Hauthil, France, where there has been a world gathering of members of the craft



THE DUKE OF YORK INSPECTING SPECIAL CONSTABLES: H.R.H. in Hyde Park chatting with members of the Force. On the left are Lord Trenchard and Sir John Gilmour and (centre) The Lord Mayor of London

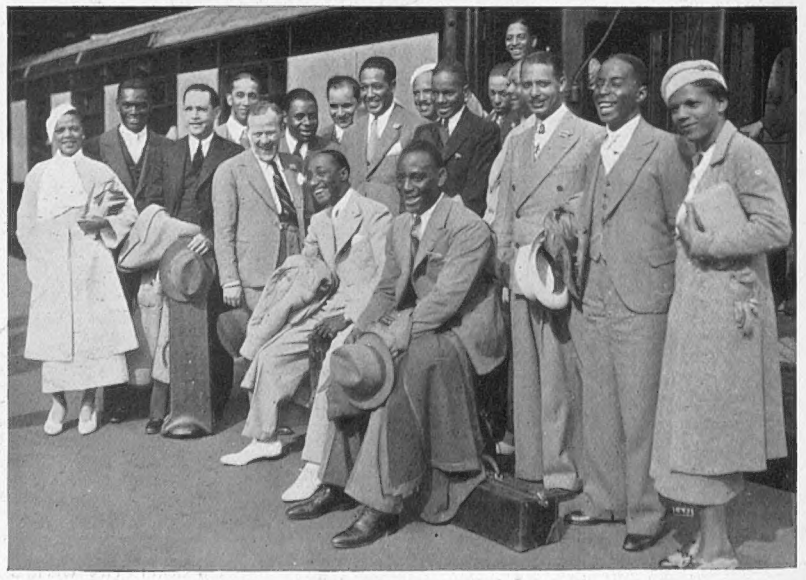
TROOPS IN TRAINING: Bridge building by the 2nd Battalion, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry, during company training at Colchester. Extensive military manœuvres are taking place this summer in the Southern counties

MAY WEEK AT CAMBRIDGE: The crews, watched by a large crowd, going down to the start of a second division race. Pembroke College put up some smooth performances to retain their headship of the river

THE MIDGET AND THE MAGNATE: Lya Graf, a tiny circus midget, and Mr. Morgan at the Senatorial enquiry

AN INDIAN VICTORY: The Maharajah of Jaipur with the Challenge Cup won by his team at Ranelagh

PRESIDENT DE VALERA IN ITALY: The Fianna Fail leader attending a religious ceremony at the Basilica of St. Colombano at Bobbio, Lombardy, during the course of his recent trip to Italy



A NEGRO JAZZ KING ARRIVES: Jack Hylton greeting Duke Ellington and his negro orchestra on arrival at Waterloo. They had landed from the White Star liner *Olympic* earlier in the day

A WOMAN OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

This fine example of modern Italian sculpture is now being shown at the First Exhibition of the National Fascist Syndicate of Artists, Florence

A STRIKING FIGURE BY CLAUDIA FORMICA

ANCIENT GREEK AND MODERN ITALIAN SCULPTURE

FROM AN ATHENIAN GRAVE: This Grecian figure from a fourth century B.C. grave relief, excavated in Athens in 1919, has recently been acquired by the Art Museum, Worcester, Massachusetts

A FLORENTINE MODEL OF TO-DAY: A terra-cotta bust by the young sculptor, Bruno Innocenti

O O

Left — FIGURE OF VICTORY: "Vittoria Fascista," a statue in cast silver by Lina Arpesani

FAR SOUTH WITH ROME

Fezzan—A Little-known Section of the North Sahara where the Roman Legions are Believed to have Penetrated and Colonized

THE RUINED TOMBS OF THE SULTANS AT ZUILA: These monuments, commemorating the dynasty of Berber Arabs known as the Beni-Cattab have been the subject of considerable investigation during researches supported by the Royal Italian Geographical Society in the Fezzan and the Northern Sahara. As they were built in the tenth and eleventh centuries it is hoped that they will provide a further clue to the mysterious early history of the neighbourhood

BASKET MAKING IN THE FEZZAN: Tebbu women working outside a native hut at El Gatrun. *Below on left:* The tomb of Cæcilia Plautilla at Germa. This is the most southerly point to which the Romans are known to have penetrated during their occupation of North Africa. Many believe that this part of the Fezzan was actually colonized by the Romans and evidence of this is being eagerly sought by the Royal Italian Geographical Society

THE MOST SOUTHERLY ROMAN TOMB IN THE DESERT: The tomb of Cæcilia Plautilla

TEBBU WOMEN taking part in a native dance at El Gatrun in the southern portion of the Fezzan

Sixty years ago the intrepid African explorer, Rohlfs, traversed the Fezzan and reached Murzuk, and then for several decades this mysterious section of the North Sahara, now in Italian Tripoli, remained a blank on the map. The advent of the Italian troops and their steady advance into the interior, defeating and pacifying warlike tribes, opened up possibilities of discovery which may be immensely important; some imagine the Romans passed this way and colonized, or at least constructed fortified posts at the desert oases.

The Royal Italian Geographical Society has been active in the quest and is supporting scientific research in the Fezzan and the Sahara. The first group of specialists sent out included Professor Lidio Cipriani, of the National Museum of Anthropology of the Royal University of Florence, and Professor Antonio Mordini, ethnologist. They have just returned to Italy after a six months' sojourn in Tripoli, when they collected a mass of interesting material which has yet to be studied and classified. Professor Cipriani was mainly occupied with the people of Italian Tripoli, the customs of the Tebbu and other tribes, and their origins in Oriental Africa; while Professor Mordini, amongst other things, gave his attention to superstitions and beliefs, the peculiarities of the Taureg population, and other matters of domestic interest.

One of the places which offered material for investigation and study was Zuila. From an historical point of view it is one of the most interesting places in the whole of North Africa. Something over 140 miles west of Murzuk in the Southern Fezzan, it is surrounded by a fortified wall on a quadrangular plan. There are those who imagine this is of Roman origin, but it is doubtful. The walls are not built of stone, for example but of blocks of dried earth, or adobe, a kind of cement which was run through mills constructed on the spot. Probably these walls are of Berber origin and of the ninth and tenth centuries; those who maintain the Roman idea think it is the ancient Cillala.

In the tenth and eleventh centuries Zuila was the capital of a dynasty of Berber Arabs known as the Beni-Cattab, whose engraved tombstones are to be seen still near the town. And it is from the study of these monuments that important results are anticipated. The oasis has 8,000 palm trees and supports 363 inhabitants.

Murzuk, the main town of the Fezzan, is twenty days' journey from the coast. The Tebbu tribes of this area are of particular interest since their origin is in doubt. Muhammadans, they are well-developed physically, and pursue the matriarchal system, the women going unveiled.

On the contrary, the nomadic males still veil their faces, which they will not expose even to eat. Though various reasons are given for this, the habit undoubtedly arises out of the nature of the life of these desert-riders, the veil protecting them from the sand which insinuates itself into everything. Apparently these people are on the decline, and in places there are ten women to one man, which makes the matriarchal customs understandable.

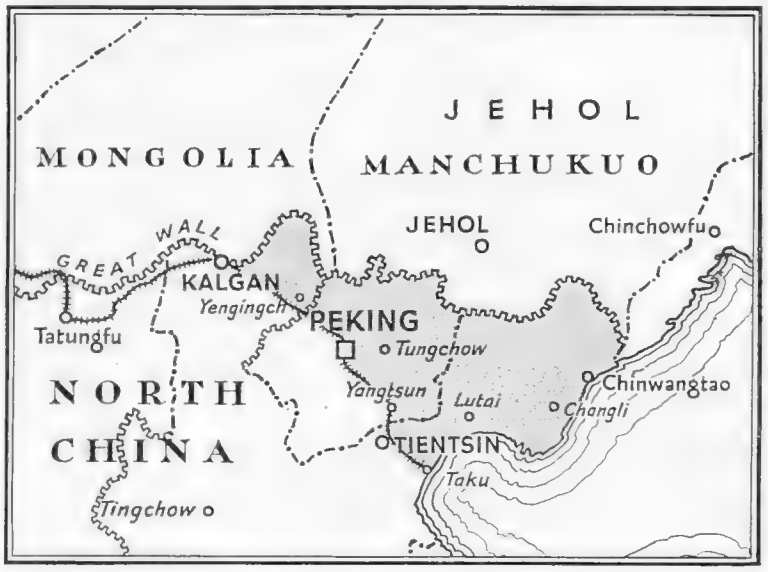
The Italians have given themselves great trouble to encourage the growth of corn and vegetables in parts of the Fezzan. But year on end it does not rain and water can be obtained only from deep wells. Naturally the chief vegetation met with is the date palm—indeed dates might almost be termed the native currency.

E. F.

A WAR CEASES

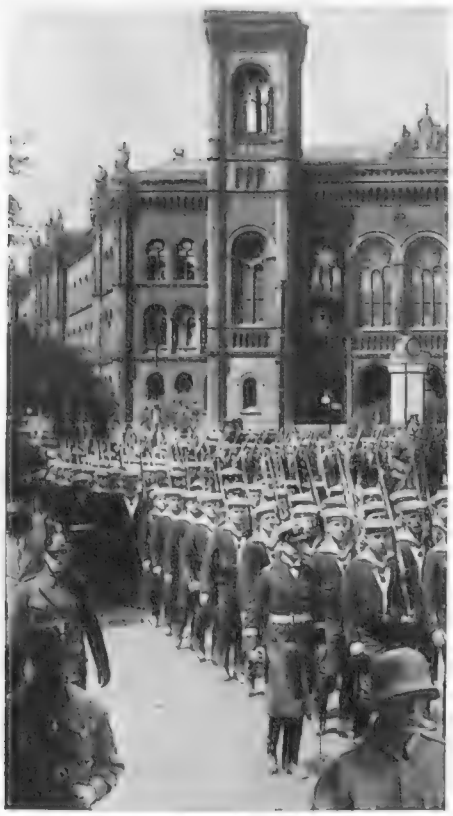
and Other World-wide Matters of Interest

FOR SERVICES RENDERED: Major-General Matsumura (left) presenting General Nobuyoshi Muto with the marshal's sabre granted to him by Emperor Hirohito in recognition of his services as Minister Plenipotentiary and Chief of the Japanese Army in Manchukuo



THE SINO-JAPANESE AGREEMENT: The recently signed truce between Japan and China has resulted in the institution of a demilitarized area. This is shown in the shaded portion of the above diagram. The Chinese are to withdraw their forces to the south of the new line, while the Japanese are undertaking not to carry on military operations beyond the Great Wall

JAPAN DECIDES TO DEFY THE LEAGUE: A record which has just reached us from Tokyo showing the scene on the platform of the Hibiya Auditorium, Hibiya Public Park, when a national assembly announced Japan's severance from the League of Nations. The hall was packed to capacity and the announcement was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm by the audience



SKAGERACK DAY IN BERLIN: A guard of honour of marines marching to the Presidential Palace on the anniversary of the famous naval battle which Germany celebrates as a victory

THE NAZI EMBROILMENT WITH AUSTRIA: Herr Fey, Austrian Minister of Safety, inspecting a guard of honour in Vienna before watching 12,000 members of the city police force take the new service oath. Austrian followers of the Nazi movement are said to be causing many breaches of the peace in the city and to combat their activities the police force has been very considerably strengthened

TELEPHONES IN THE VATICAN: A city guard using one of the public call boxes

VATICAN CITY IN BEING

How, After Four Years of Startling Changes and Modernization, the World's Tiniest and Fastest-Growing State has Emerged as a Self-Contained Entity and, through the Marvel of Modern Wireless, has Linked itself still More Closely with the Roman Catholic World it Dominates

By FERDINAND TUOHY

If and when Pope Pius XI shortly leaves for Castel Gandolfo in the hills to escape the crushing heat of Rome from mid-July to early September, His Holiness will be leaving a very different Vatican from the one he entered eleven and a half years ago, and which he really has not yet left if we except a swift early morning drive to the Lateran and back, and two fleeting exits a yard or two beyond the walls, for an inauguration ceremony and for the examination of new works.

Parenthetically, how the know-alls were certain that the Pontiff planned to tour Europe in his special train, or at least to visit so-devout Ireland, and perhaps the United States. Surely that was one of the reasons for the signing, to regain mobility, go into the outer world these revolutionary times? Evidently not. Evidently this Pope, who is now seventy-six, had no such peregrination in mind, or if he had, thought again of the great prestige that had sprung from "the Prisoner in the Vatican," how the circumstance had served to bring all the world—kings, emperors, presidents—to the pontifical door.

The startling changes that have been brought about in the world's tiniest State, and which leave such co-pigmies as Liechtenstein, Andorra, San Marino, if not exactly Monaco, leagues behind, all date from post-treaty days, and it is hard not to associate their extensive nature with the indemnity Signor Mussolini agreed to pay over to the Papacy as part settlement since it is known that the Vatican's principal ordinary financial mainstay, the Knights of Columbus, have not been going too strong of late. For obvious reasons, "Peter's Cents" have not been flowing in.

Wherever the origin of funds, Vatican City has been modernized with a will in so far as this can be done amid such old palaces, and to-day may be said to have assumed the complexion, socially as well as architecturally, that it is likely to maintain for many years. Four years of transformation have conduced to the finished product which some will applaud and of which others may be shy. Did Popes come back from the past, they certainly would be surprised by what their present successor has done. The first thing they would see would be towering masts. Why the need for such giant and disfiguring flagstaffs—or might they possibly be observation posts for protective purposes? (Yes, that was more likely!) Then they would have to shade their eyes, even in this land of glare. Their Vatican had been tier upon tier of yellowish plaster, and Baroque and Renaissance the guiding notes. What on earth were these gleaming white buildings of such curious design and dotted in and out of the beloved old palaces?

On entering through well-known portals they would be briskly asked for passports or identity papers, and then they would proceed to stumble over strange iron bars lying on, nay, fixed to the ground. Following up, the visitors from afar would note that the bars entered a tunnel, to emerge alongside an ornate halting place that had many curious attributes. And their mystification would only grow as they beheld what read like the offices of a daily publication; of a bank and a mint; of postal affairs; and as they passed building after building of gleaming whiteness and apparently connected with some form of government. What did it all imply? Only the Swiss were the same—and St. Peter's! And what could that be over there—that glistening, horseless carriage slowly circling the garden? *Was it possible?* Did their eyes deceive them, or was that the broad white hat they knew so well?

Unless they opened doors, those Popes of a bygone day would have missed the Papal biplane.

Within their wonderment would scarcely have lessened. *The place was warm.* (Let us suppose their advent fell in winter.) How many of them had died from those chilling and draughty corridors! Now these held endless piping that gave off heat.

And what was that prelate doing turning a small dial arrangement and then listening with a black instrument to his ear?

"Is that the Nuncio's in Madrid? Hello!"

Puzzled glances among those successors of Peter, yet nothing compared with their bewilderment at sight of a figure, robed and ringed as they once had been, speaking before an oval contrivance swung above a familiar desk in a familiar study.

"I give my blessing to the universe. To you in America, to you in Aus . . ."

What new miracle was this?

In all sincerity it must be said that what the Vatican has gained in utilitarianism it has lost æsthetically. It is now rather a sorry jumble to gaze upon—it always was a jumble, but now it is sorry, too. But presumably there was no option. Vatican City had to grow. Its population actually doubled in 1930–32, and its territory covers precisely a quarter of a square mile. The density of inhabitants is almost ten times greater than that of any other European State—4,000 to the square kilometre compared with Belgium's 440—so clearly radical construction had to be undertaken, alas! freely of the genus reinforced concrete. The population is still growing; but henceforward it is not going to be allowed to grow any more save by births. Of these there have thus far, since 1929, been eighteen—equally boys and girls—the first Vatican City babies in history. The full census shows 1,025 inhabitants of whom 735 are citizens possessing Vatican nationality and passports—the rarest to be had, and small use in the hands of a crook if lost. There are 300 women living within the territory, made up of the wives and other relations of the Swiss Guard and of the resident Italians employed locally, plus some lay sisters and old retainers. Save for the 100-odd Swiss, Vatican City may be written down a completely Italian city—although there does happen to be an American girl resident, a child born in New York's Italy and whose parents are now on the Vatican pay roll.

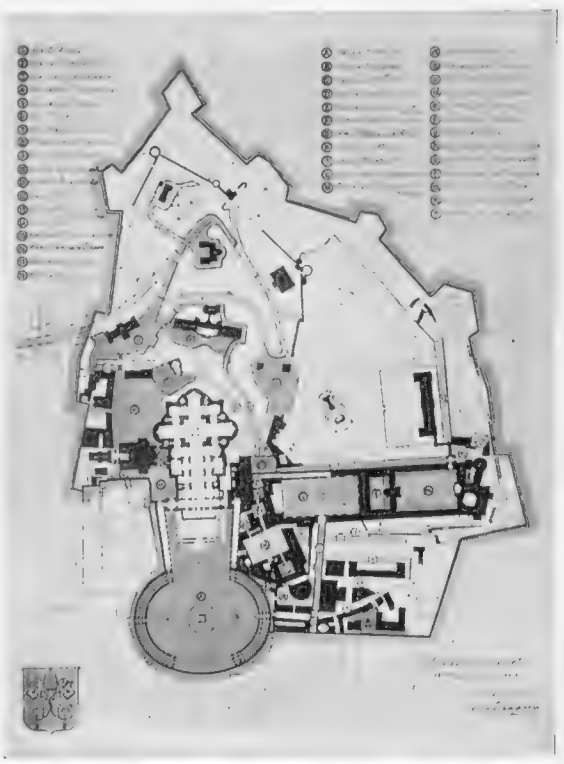
The four corps comprising the Papal "army," and also the most picturesque side of Vatican life, have been remodelled in conformity with the new era of temporal sovereignty. The Swiss, gay in Michelangelo's colours of striped yellow, red, and dark blue, are now down to a handful that goes on duty thirty at a time, guarding the entrances to the territory and patrolling the corridors within. This historic Guard, and last remnant of the Papal armies that were, is recruited on a three-year basis largely from the Swiss Canton of Valais, it having long been an hereditary tradition with certain Swiss families to supply the young men, of such fine mountain physique. The Noble Guard, which took the place of the Light Cavalry 132 years ago, numbers forty, yet these are no drag, being all unpaid dukes and marquises and the like. Perhaps ten are on duty at a time, attending the Pope and being present on ceremonial occasions. The Palatine Guard of 400 middle-class volunteers, and founded in 1850, appears only on bigger days when a multitude has to be handled. Finally, the gendarmerie which lives "on the premises" and has Vatican nationality, has been extended rather than reduced in view of the added policing that has become necessary in the new independent condition. Moreover, in the disordered, gangster present, there prevails a persistent fear of some audacious coup among the priceless art treasures in the galleries and museums.

In A.D. 1933 Vatican City emerges as a self-contained entity and hive of occupation from morning to night in its severely restricted area that has led to its sports grounds having to be fashioned on foreign territory. But the Duce is all that is agreeable in such matters. He knows, none better, what this little pigmy of world-wide radiation means to him.

All said and done, contemplating this 1,900 year dynasty in its new-found and modernized liberty and setting, one figure, for me, stands at the side of His Holiness, and that is Senator Marconi. A year or so ago I sat with the latter in his garden at Civitavecchia and he told me how he was going to Rome that evening—along the fifty miles of road that Mussolini virtually built for him—in order to show Pius XI the latest development in short wave. In wireless, Vatican City leads the world and is likely to continue doing so as long as Marconi lives: the best and the newest that eventuates shall go firstly to the Pope, if it serve him. Already, the Vatican can "speak" to nuncios and delegates and missions scattered far and wide, and the objective is to be able to gain contact with them all.

And why should Pontiffs particularly want to travel in their (usually) old age when they have the marvel of the microphone beside them? All is changed. If old walls still remain in Vatican City and libraries collapse and Sistine ceilings threaten, there in the centre are those masts and aerials, athrob in heart-beat with the wide world. And below them, in his study, sits the oldest of sovereigns before the newest of gadgets.

ANOTHER INNOVATION IN THE VATICAN: The first railway engine to enter the State passing under the arched gateway to the Vatican platform



THE PAPAL DOMAIN: A new map showing the ground plan of the world's smallest State

NEWS from the AIR

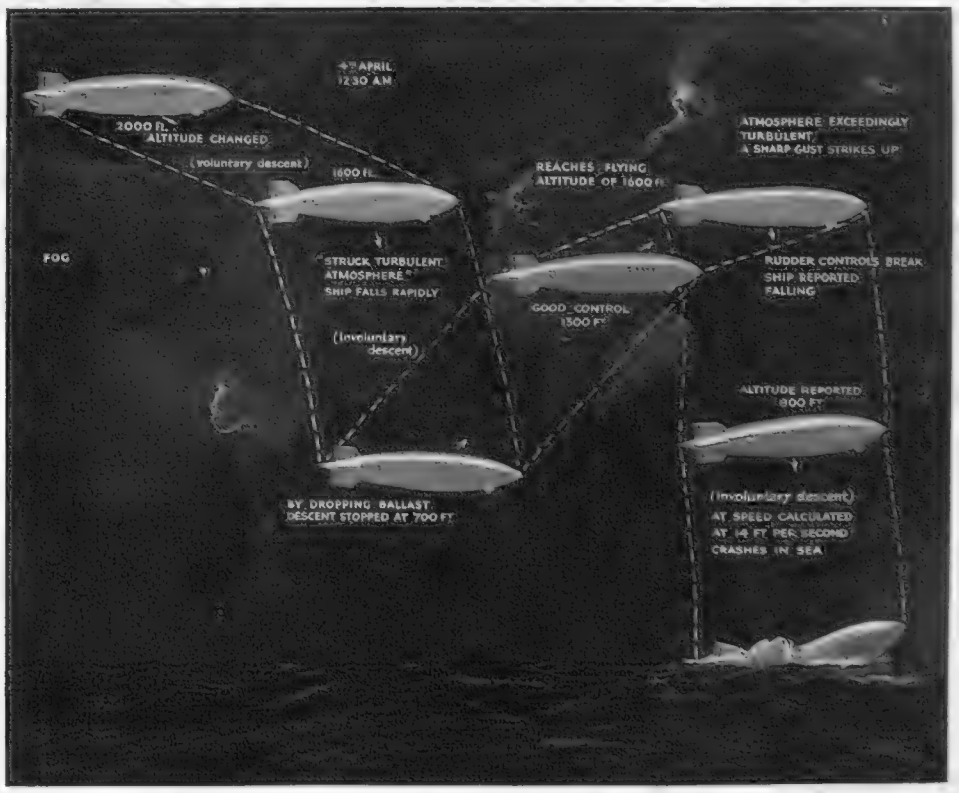
SLOW MOTION FLYING: Flight-Lieutenant Stainforth, former world's speed record holder, giving a slow flying demonstration at the Household Brigade Flying Club meeting at Heston Aerodrome

ON THE TILES: The scene after an accident at Chesapeake Beach, Virginia, in which the pilot overshot the aerodrome and plunged into the roof of a house. He was knocked unconscious but his mechanic escaped with a broken tooth

THE MOLLISON MISHAP: The famous airman standing beside the damaged 'plane, *Seafarer*, in which he and his wife were taxiing before beginning their attempt on a double Atlantic crossing. Fortunately they sustained no injury other than slight shock; the left engine propeller of their machine is shown curled up

A NEW SPORT FOR AIR PILOTS: Flying clubs have discovered a new method of matching each other's skill. A neighbouring club is invited to send over a team of pilots whose object is to penetrate within a radius of five miles of their host's aerodrome. If they are spotted by the defending machines they lose. Detection is admitted when the pilot of a defending 'plane succeeds in reading the registration marks of his opponent. Four attacking 'planes are seen in this picture attempting to reach Brooklands Aerodrome

THE "MACON" MAKES HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: The world's largest lighter-than-air craft leaving the Zeppelin Dock at Akron, Ohio, for the first time. She is built on similar lines to the ill-fated *Akron*



THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE "AKRON": From reports that have recently come to hand from various sources in America we are able to reconstruct the disaster which overtook the giant airship *Akron* on the morning of April 4. This diagram indicates the fluctuations in altitude which preceded the crash and confirms the description published in "The Sphere" some weeks ago. It will be noticed that the dirigible did not seriously deviate from the horizontal throughout the fatal storm and even in her final back-breaking plunge remained in flying position

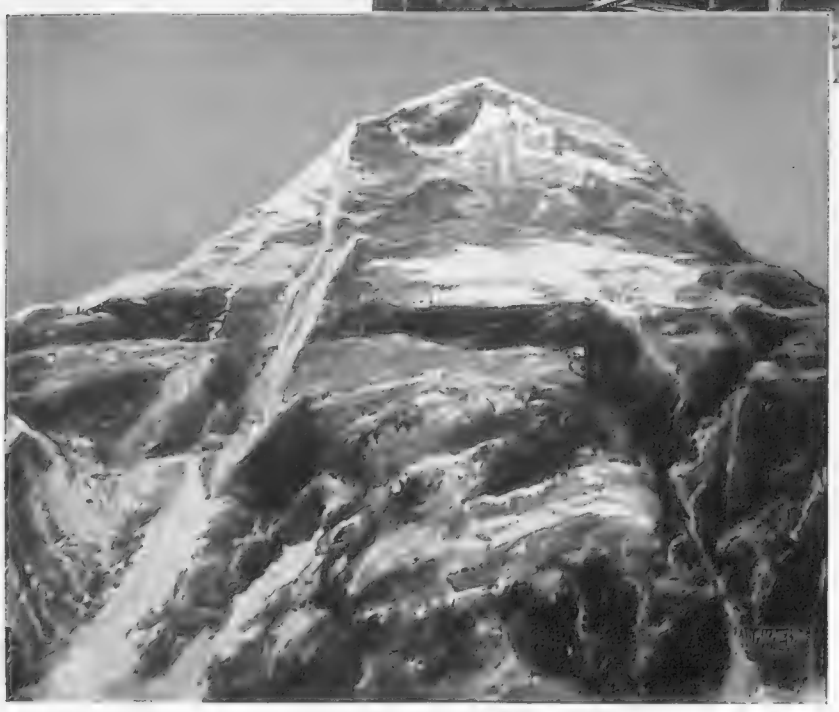
THE ASSAULT ON EVEREST'S SUMMIT

In the height of the season when so many incidents both social and political crowd upon the scene, the news concerning Mount Everest has been awaited with very keen interest in many circles. At home the Houston-Everest flyers have been presented with specially struck medals at a luncheon party last week, and their photographs have been exhibited at the Camera Club. Far away on Everest's northern face, the high assault has been in operation, as the accumulated result of long preparation. Occasional messages from various sources have made it clear that the Expedition has not been favoured with the best of weather conditions—heavy falls of snow have altered the conditions at the Changla wall and apparently on the slopes above. The chief news of the Expedition has come by wireless by way of Darjeeling, the present Expedition being very much better equipped in this condition than any of its predecessors. Brief telegraphic news and the full messages have been received by this method in London and have appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*. A few days ago the geographical world was thrilled to know that a first effort on the summit had been made by two of the climbers who had to return after apparently reaching a point somewhere near the base of the citadel. This effort was rapidly followed by another effort by a different pair of climbers, but they, too, were compelled to return, having been met by rock-climbing difficulties which they were unable at the time to surmount. A coalescing of the advanced parties has taken place prior to a renewed effort

Drawings by D. Macpherson

HOW THE WIRELESS MESSAGES HAVE COME FROM THE RUTTLEDGE BASE CAMP TO DARJEELING AND SO TO LONDON: The view is drawn from a position to the north of Everest, looking up the East Rongbuk Glacier. The route of the expedition is shown by a black line

The present Everest Land Expedition is remarkable for having in action a radio and telephone news transmission service capable of reporting practically every movement on the mountain within a few hours of its happening. The above diagram illustrates the positioning of the various receivers and transmitters used in this remarkable service. At Camp IV, or at most at Camp V, the Expedition has fixed a land telephone line reaching down the slopes of the mountain to the forward base camp at the foot of the North Col and the great ice wall of Changla. From here radio connection is established with the base camp in the Rongbuk Valley, seen in the foreground of the picture, by means of Standard Telephones and Cables Ltd.'s type A.T.R. 3 "Standard Radio" transmitter. A 5-valve superheterodyne instrument receives the news and once again it is re-transmitted; this time to Darjeeling, the main base of the Expedition. Here it is picked up and a type M.4 transmitter, operating on a 900-metre wavelength, sends the news still farther back into civilization where it reaches the normal channels of trans-continental transmission, and finally London. It may be mentioned that communications from Camp 3 can also be heard at Darjeeling, although, we understand, the less direct route is being employed most frequently. It is also a point of considerable interest that weather reports from the Himalayan area are sent from Darjeeling to England and broadcast back to India from the Empire Short Wave Station at Daventry. The messages are picked up by the climbers on a specially designed receiving apparatus presented to the Expedition by McMichael Radio Ltd. In a smaller diagram on the left of the picture are shown several of the instruments which, day by day, are assisting in sending home to the *Daily Telegraph* the news of the Expedition's progress on Everest. The world is hoping that, at any moment now, they will be able to broadcast their final message of triumph



Below—THE CRUX: The summit of Everest, showing on the left the position of the couloir and the steeply rising citadel in centre. Drawn from telephotographic studies taken from the north

RICHMOND'S ROYAL HORSE SHOW

STEPPING OUT

Miss Minoprio driving Beau Geste in the class for single harness horses under 15 hands on the opening day of the Richmond Royal Horse Show

IN THE HARNESS CLASS

THE YOUNG ENTRY

Lady Digby at the show with her daughter the Hon. Pamela Digby

A PONY PRIZEWINNER

The Duke of York presenting Mr. Nigel C. Colman, M.P., with his ribbon as winner in the Single Harness Ponies Class under 13.2 hands

The parade of the Coaching Club round Richmond's picturesque arena on the opening day of the Royal Show

COACHING DAYS

THE DORCHESTER: The delightful alfresco luncheon terrace overlooking Hyde Park

ROMANCE of the GREAT HOTEL

The Art of Luxury Catering for a Cosmopolitan Clientele and the Many Qualities It Demands of those Behind the Scenes of our Great Hotels

By CHARLES GRAVES

I have always thought that if anything prevented me from earning a livelihood by my pen I would immediately go into the hotel business. Each is a very personal trade, depending on personal contacts with the public, and changing in consequence every day. A hotel must be at least as chameleon-like as a newspaper if it is going to survive. New developments are essential whether in type-setting or furniture; new entertainments or new racing competitions; new maîtres d'hôtel or new feature writers; a new banqueting manager or a new literary editor—the analogies are exact.

At the moment the great hotels are working at the top pressure demanded by the height of the Season — a pressure notably increased by the Economic Conference and the sixty-six foreign delegations, all of whom have to be housed in hotels and some of whom number as many as eighty persons. Extra special care has to be taken of them: special draught Münchner beer, for example, being laid in for the German contingent; special telephonists speaking the special languages being signed on; special spaghetti for the Italians; special chow for the Chinese.

In the ordinary way a guest at a big hotel is vaguely aware of sixty or seventy members of the staff, headed by the *concierge*, the *femme de chambre*, the *valet de chambre*, the waiters in the restaurant, the liftmen, and the telephonists. True, when the moment comes to depart, a number of *bagagistes* and others appear from nowhere, but I am prepared to wager that no one who has ever stayed at the Dorchester, where the limit of capacity for guests is 320, would realize that there is a staff of 500 to look after their wants—a staff increased by another fifty by the Economic Conference.

How is this made up? Cigolini obliged with a number of interesting figures. Here they are:

Administration (which includes reception)	36	Hairdressers (men and women)	10
Housekeeping	80	Turkish bath attendants	8
Floor waiters	30	Carpenters, carpet menders, repairmen	25
Restaurant staff / Grill-room staff	80	Engineers	18
Lounge waiters	12	Telephonists	12
Firemen	4	Dishwashers	40
Barmen	4	Uniformed staff	60
Storemen	6	Kitchen staff	75
Cellarers	8		

and twenty others, including house detectives.

On the top of that (and their wage bill is £600 a week, which is £31,200 a year) there is the banqueting department which employs anything from sixty to a hundred extra waiters every day. No city in the world has so many banquets as London, and even London is outdoing itself this year. These men are hired from an agency, and get anything from 10s. to 15s. an engagement. Some of them make £5 or £6 a week. Many of them were butlers in noble houses. Some of them still are, and make their extra 15s. or so on their evening "out."

"A great hotel," said Cigolini, "is a live animal. Or put it another way. It is like a little town with its deaths, births, marriages, and honeymoon couples. It is always changing. Every day there are changes and replacements in the staff. All the time the furniture is being recovered, the rooms redecorated, the curtains taken down and altered. After an apartment has been in constant use for two months everything is changed and even the carpet is cleaned. Every six weeks the curtains have to be cleaned in any case. Such is the dust in the air of London!

Of course the expense is enormous, and people don't realize that grand luxe has to live up to its name. Guests who pay highly are naturally satisfied only with the very best.

But imagine the tact which is needed to keep merely the staff in order—quite apart from smoothing down tiresome guests. The dishwashers are often Greeks. The waiters are mostly Italian. The kitchen staff are French and English, and the uniformed staff are English. That makes four nationalities, not to mention the odd Armenian or Swiss. Now and then you read of a Cypriot murdering an Italian in a Soho restaurant, where the total staff is only three dozen or so. Compare that with the hotchpotch of a great hotel—and yet the great hotels are singularly clear of disturbances of this sort, even at meal time, and when a staff of 500 is fed three times a day the total is further swelled by the meals of the guests. At the Dorchester the last time I was there, 445 meals were served in the restaurants, 205 in the grill room, and 600 in the banqueting rooms. This together with early morning teas, and ordinary teas and staff's meals, amounted to 2,900 in the day.

The day's order from the chef for the guests' meals alone amounted to 40 lb. of caviare, 2,500 eggs, nearly 300 lb. of fish, 1,000 baby chickens, and over 300 fowls. Various kinds of meat amounted to 110 lb.; 90 lb. of butter; 170 gallons of milk; 35 gallons of cream were used, together with 250 bundles of asparagus; 150 quarts of peas; 100 lb. of Jersey beans; 80 lb. of other vegetables; 10 lb. of tea, and 20 of coffee. All these arrived at the side entrance of the hotel between nine and ten in the morning.

These figures, of course, are much smaller than the Savoy's, which I take as the example of the other leading group of hotels. But the Savoy can house 450 guests, and has a staff which varies between 720 and 750 people. This is even more variegated than that of the Dorchester, for specialists of different nationalities are employed for different foods, such as the Japanese vegetable chef and Chinese omelette maker. At this hotel I was told that it chiefly specializes in accommodation. Thus guests who wish to tour England are supplied with maps giving the principal roads, places of interest, and the best hotels. Americans are given introductions to country clubs and golf courses on which they would not normally be able to play. Suitable arrangements for Ascot in the way of boxes, motor cars, and luncheons are also part of the personal service supplied by the management. In view of the increasing number of Continental visitors whose English is imperfect or non-existent, there are always half-a-dozen people available who can speak any known language. There are also a number of couriers attached to the hotel to take these people round.

Besides all the ordinary departments of a hotel, the Savoy has a dry-cleaning establishment, a laundry, a power station, and waterworks. In this way it is entirely independent of the rest of London for its heat, light, and water.

Probably that part of a hotel which changes most frequently, however, is the foyer. Take Claridge's or the Berkeley, the Savoy or the Dorchester, their foyers are always changing. I can recall at least three at the Berkeley alone, and now they have added a further grill-room known as the Buttery. At the Dorchester they have started an out-of-door restaurant. At Claridge's a new foyer to the grill-room has just been created, and eighteen months ago a complete new wing was also added. In the case of the Savoy recently they have altered the uniforms for the whole of the uniformed staff, who number nearly ninety men. It was not that the old uniforms were old. It was simply this permanent quest for attractive change which is essential for a *de luxe* hotel to keep at the top of the tree.

AN ARTESIAN WELL UNDERGOING RECONSTRUCTION AT THE SAVOY: Twenty thousand gallons of water per hour will be the capacity of this well when the enlargements are completed. Much of the water that will be pumped from the chalk 700 ft. beneath the Strand will have come from as far away as the Chiltern Hills

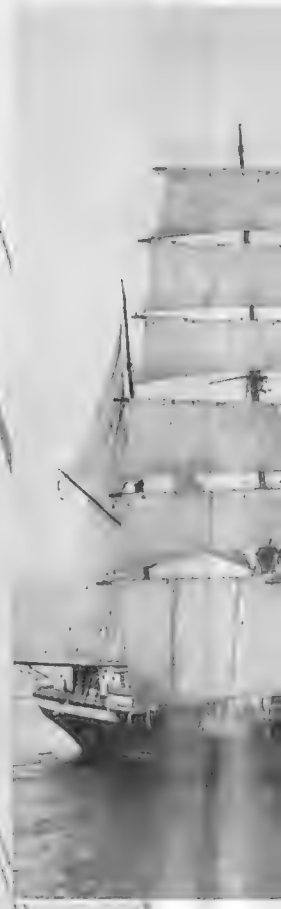
BENEATH THE SURFACE AT THE SAVOY: The electric pump which deals with the water from the artesian wells

MATTERS MARITIME

THE TWENTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD RECORD BREAKER IN HOLIDAY GARB: The *Mauretania*, after a quarter of a century still one of the fastest ships on the North Atlantic, making her way down the Solent on her first cruise since being painted white. The newly decorated hull is certainly in keeping with the holiday atmosphere

BERTHING AN OCEAN GIANT: The C.P.R. liner, *Empress of Britain*, seen at Southampton from the deck of the Cape Mail boat, *Warwick Castle*. *Right* — The bow of the 52,000-ton Cunarder, *Berengaria*, towering above the Customs sheds at Southampton

THE NEW £200,000 OIL DOCK AT STANLOW, CHESHIRE: An aerial view of the dock which the Hon. Oliver Stanley, M.P., Minister of Transport, officially opened at the end of last month. Accommodation is now provided for two ocean-going oil tankers; a factor which should do much to strengthen the position of Stanlow as an oil and petroleum port. During the work of excavating over 1,000,000 cub. yds. of rock and clay were removed from the site



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TALL SHIPS

Contestants in the Great Australia to England Grain Race

A STATELY BARQUE OF THE OLD REGIME: The Finnish sailing vessel, *Archibald Russell*, in the calm waters of the English Channel after completing yet another voyage in the Australia-England grain race

WALLAROO TO MILLWALL: The four-masted Swedish barque, *Abraham Rydberg*, docking in the Thames. She carries a crew of a few officers and forty cadets. *Left*—Two of the *Herzogin Cecilie's* four masts. The vessel's total sail spread is over 50,000 sq. ft.

The great days of the China tea trade, when the clippers raced for home to land their precious cargoes on the valuable London market, could hardly have been more thrilling than the annual Australia-England grain race of to-day, now in its closing stages. Altogether twenty-one vessels comprised the grain fleet this year carrying a wheat cargo of over 80,000 tons. Seventeen of these were Finnish, two German, and two Swedish, and almost all are manned by apprentices. On this page we reproduce pictures of some of the vessels which have already arrived. From their appearance it would be difficult to tell that they had spent over three months at sea. The best passage so far has been made by the four-masted barque *Farma* which arrived at Falmouth 83 days after leaving the Australian coast. This constitutes the fastest voyage on record and beats the *Marlborough Hill's* previous best time by 6 days. The *Herzogin Cecilie*, perhaps the best known of all these sailing vessels, carried on her recent round voyage the Baroness Eva Gyllenstierna. The times taken by some of the first arrivals were as follows: *Farma*, 83 days; *Pamir*, 92 days; *Pommern*, 97 days; *Herzogin Cecilie*, 113 days; and *Penang*, 122 days. One of the most interesting of the sailing ships which competed in the race is the *Abraham Rydberg*. Through the generosity of a wealthy Swedish shipowner, who died in Stockholm in 1845, this barque makes an annual sailing to and from Australia. She carries with her some forty cadets who during their voyage undergo a thorough and practical eight months' training in every possible phase of navigation and deck work

AUSTRALIA TO ENGLAND IN 113 DAYS: The *Herzogin Cecilie*, another Finnish contestant in the grain race, being taken in tow at the Downs (Dungeness) for her journey to Millwall. Members of the crew are seen furling the sails 150 ft. above the deck level

BARONESS EVA GYLLENSTIERNA at the wheel of the *Herzogin Cecilie* in which she has just made the round trip to Australia and back. *Right*—The German sailing vessel, *Peking*, at Rochester where she is being refitted preparatory to replacing the training ship *Arethusa*

LAUNCHING THE "ADMIRAL SCHEER": The new armour-plated battleship about to leave the stocks at Wilhelmshaven amid scenes of intense patriotic enthusiasm. The vessel was named after the German hero of Skagerack. She is a sister ship of the *Deutschland*

THE "DEUTSCHLAND": The pocket battleship which Germany built at the almost unprecedented cost of £400 a ton. A feature of the vessel is the economy in weight and space effected in its construction

CRUISERS OF THE GERMAN LINE: *Left*—The *Karlsruhe* during a parade of the fleet before President von Hindenburg. She was completed in 1929. *Right*—The 13,000-ton battleship *Schleswig Holstein* passing the swing bridge at Rensburg. She was built in 1906 and was one of the few vessels Germany was allowed to keep after the War

THE CRUISER "KÖLN": One of the five 6,000-ton cruiser class ships which Germany has completed since the War. Under the Treaty these vessels must not exceed a gross tonnage of 6,000

THE 6,000-TON "KÖNIGSBERG" AT KIEL: One of Germany's most brilliant efforts in post-War naval construction. Note the somewhat revolutionary design of the box-shaped stern and the space-saving positioning of the gun emplacement

THE GERMAN NAVY'S RESURRECTION

Her New Warships—Midget Marvels of Modern Marine Engineering Built within the Treaty Limits

By FRANK C. BOWEN

Fourteen years ago an appeal was inserted in the advertisement columns of the press by German patriotic societies begging mothers not to disgrace their little boys by dressing them in sailor suits after the Revolution; to-day the German public watching naval affairs with the same interest that obtained in the Kaiser's day, the anniversary of the "victory" of Jutland celebrated as a national festival, one of the principal squares in Berlin renamed after it and, even within the strict limits imposed by the Treaty, the German fleet arousing openly-admitted apprehension in France.

The Japanese Navy made astounding progress between the years 1889 and 1903, but even with the best naval brains of Europe to help them it is doubtful whether what they did was any more remarkable than what the Germans have done with nobody to help them, but on the contrary everybody trying to keep them back and every possible obstacle put in their way. The revival of the German Navy is certainly a remarkable achievement.

And the reason of it may be put down with every reason to the measures taken by the Allies for its prevention and the forgetting of the lessons of history. In the Treaty of Versailles the Allies forbade Germany to have a short-service conscript Navy and would permit nothing under twelve-year volunteer enlistments. Exactly the right type of recruit rolled up by the thousand; and whereas the pre-War authorities were always complaining that they could not get sufficient long-service men to make petty officers, there is scarcely one of the twelve-year volunteers who have passed through their time who is not fitted for that rating.

The treaty limited the displacement to future German ships, the battleships to 10,000 tons apiece and the cruisers to 6,000. Money was poured out like water on experiments and the finest brains in the country were freely used for the problems which presented themselves—metallurgical, architectural, engineering, and technical. They had elected to keep the oldest ships available and to use them for training purposes, knowing that they would be over the age limit imposed whenever it suited their purpose to replace them.

Before the War German ship design, admittedly good, was not in any way startling, but was rather a very careful and thorough improvement on the ideas of the designers of other nations. Since the War it has been revolutionary and, by a careful combination of the sciences, ships have been built within the treaty limits but possessing features undreamed of when those limits were imposed.

Steel of unprecedented lightness has not meant any sacrifice of strength, rather the opposite. Welding has taken the place of riveting and has turned out a better ship on much less weight. The Diesel engine has been lightened to a remarkable extent, although the first reports were grossly exaggerated, and its economy has permitted a great saving in the weight of bunkers. Although details have naturally been kept secret it is believed that experiment has given them guns which contrive extraordinary power in spite of their size.

It has all cost money and it is probable that we will never know just how much. It is admitted that the battleships of the "Deutschland" type have run into £400 per ton, an unprecedented sum, and the Berlin authorities have not allowed the outside world to know any more than they want it to.

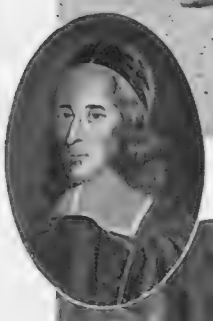
In its present state the German Navy is sufficiently strong to make her Top Dog of the Baltic whenever that rôle suits her purpose and its revival has given it the backing of the whole country. Ton for ton its ships of each class are more formidable in their respective purposes than any others in the world. The only thing that must be remembered, and it would be unsafe to bank upon it, is that the remarkable ideas embodied in their design are still unproved.

The German Navy To-day

Name	Tonnage		Class
"Deutschland"	10,000	(completed)	battleship
"Admiral Scheer"	10,000	(launched)	battleship
(Unnamed)	10,000	(building)	battleship
(Unnamed)	10,000	(projected)	battleship
"Emden"	6,000	(completed)	cruiser
"Leipzig"	6,000	(completed)	cruiser
"Köln"	6,000	(completed)	cruiser
"Karlsruhe"	6,000	(completed)	cruiser
"Königsberg"	6,000	(completed)	cruiser
"Schleswig Holstein"	13,000	(built 1906)	battleship

THE GEORGE HERBERT TERCENTENARY

In the Grounds of Historic Wilton House



EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF THE GREAT DIVINE
Charles I pays a visit to Wilton on the occasion of the presentation of George Herbert to the living of Foulstone. *Oval*—George Herbert

JAMES I WALKING IN THE LOVELY GROUNDS OF WILTON: The pageant recalls Herbert's life in a number of most colourful episodes. Some of the characters are actually played by the descendants of those whom they represent

JAMES I VISITS WILTON HOUSE: The King (centre) had come to Wilton to knight Henry Herbert, brother of the divine. There was a fine air of splendour about Lady Juliet Duff as the King's hostess. Lord Herbert was the present Lord Herbert

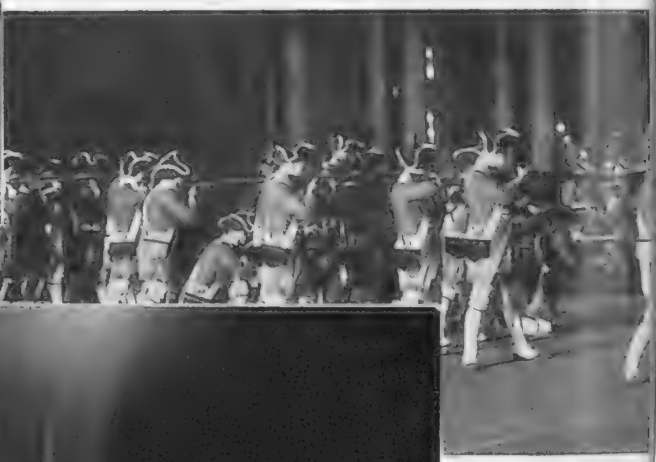
PAGEANTRY AT CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL: A scene during the presentation of the historical pageant, *The Acts of St. Richard of Chichester*, held in the grounds of the Bishop's Palace

ALDERSHOT ARMY PAGEANTRY

CHILDREN'S DAY AT RUSHMOOR: The rehearsal of the Aldershot Tattoo before the Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Elizabeth and an audience of 58,000 children. Tanks are seen manœuvring in the arena with a medieval castle as background

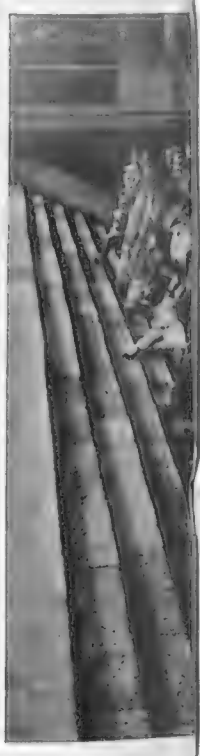
GRAND FINALE: The thrilling concluding scene of the Aldershot Arena. Nearly 5,000 troops take

HUZZAHS FOR THE HUSSARS: A detachment from the 1st Cavalry Brigade and the 3rd Brigade, Royal Horse Artillery, taking part in a musical ride. It was received with tremendous enthusiasm by the vast audience of children



ON THE HEIGHTS
action during the
General

GENERAL MONK'S SOLDIERS JOIN IN WELCOMING CHARLES II ON HIS RETURN FROM EXILE: One of the Restoration Period Scenes at the Greenwich Naval Pageant. As the King passes with his brothers the crowd breaks into enthusiastic cheering and even the soldiers forget everything in the national triumph of the moment



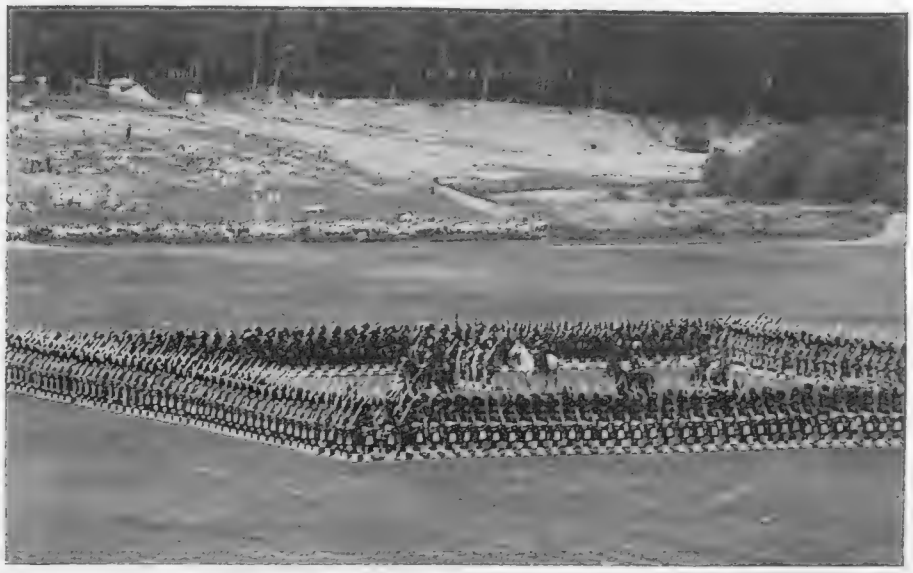
THE CHRISTENING
to catch a glim
at

GREENWICH NAVAL PAGEANTRY

Tattoo with all the participants massed under the searchlights of Rushmoor part in this last dramatic scene in the pageant

OF ABRAHAM: British and French troops in siege of Quebec. It was from Greenwich that Wolfe made his departure for Canada

OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH: The crowds waiting pse of their future Queen during the christening the Royal Palace of Greenwich



A FAMOUS BATTLE MOVEMENT RE-ENACTED: The 82nd Gordon Highlanders and the 2nd Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders form a square in traditional battle style. *Below*—The immortal Jorrocks arrives for the meet at the Cat and Custard Pot

NELSON GOES TO HIS LAST RESTING-PLACE: Soldiers lining the route along which the great commander's funeral cortège is about to pass from the lying-in-state in the Painted Chamber at Greenwich to the service in St. Paul's Cathedral. The scene is re-enacted on the very spot where it originally took place

"CEDRIC HARDWICKE" BY CHARLES BUCHEL: An artist's impression of the distinguished character actor as he appeared in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. This sketch is now hanging in the vestibule of the St. James's Theatre where Mr. Hardwicke is playing in *The Late Christopher Bean*

STAR OF "SALLY WHO"?, Jessie Matthews, who leads the cast in the new show at the Strand Theatre. Miss Matthews gives a most exhilarating performance in a long part, her vivacity keeping things going to the final curtain. She plunges suddenly from Australia into the home of a Harley Street specialist

PLAYS a

"Twelfth Night" in Regent's Park—"Clear All Wires" at the Garrick for Hilarious Fun: "Gabriel Over Film at the Empire:

BY PHIL

The sun has been playing the "star" part in London's theatre-land of late, and has been causing at least as much anxiety as the fogs of winter. For while there are always many reasons available why people should *not* go to the theatre, only a few are quoted in urging them thither, and among these hot weather is not included.

But for Mr. Sydney Carroll and the launching of his alfresco Shakespeare in Regent's Park the heat wave must have been a boon indeed. Mr. Carroll has presented to the public some admirable plays; that he has not in each case met with the success he deserved made me rejoice at the sunniness of that Bank-holiday afternoon which saw the first performance of the latest and airiest *Twelfth Night*.

I felt far hotter on this occasion in a deck-chair in the sun than I ever have inside a theatre. But such days are rare, and there was at least no stuffiness. The surroundings were lovely, the play the most delicious of all comedies; so I was content to broil in a good cause. A guarantee of the excellence of the performance was that the sun, which can soothe me to sleep more swiftly even than performing animals, unaccompanied Bach sonatas for the violin, and the plays of Schiller, had no soporific effect whatever.

The human animal sticks a fan or a sheet of paper in one of its paws and waves it to and fro when it is hot as infallibly as it slaps both paws together when it is pleased. The energy required for fanning makes one hotter. It is also most irritating for non-fanners to be surrounded by a sea of fluttering programmes when the only rhythm required is that of the author's verse. But that is not Mr. Carroll's fault; if he were to add a dramatic prologue on his own account and exclaim, in person, "I forbid the fans!" he would not be obeyed.

Nor could he have been expected to engage a cast of giants. His actors and actresses if of abnormal intelligence are of but normal size. On that vast stretch of green sward which served as a stage even Mr. Aubrey ("King Kong") Hammond would have seemed a pigmy. At one moment Olivia and her suite reminded me of a faded photograph I turned up the other day of General and Mrs. Tom Thumb's wedding group. The distances also inevitably slowed down the comedy's pace.

On the other hand, the loud-speakers worked fairly well, the general production (by Mr. Robert Atkins, himself the Sir Toby Belch, and a good one) was admirable, and the sylvan loveliness of the spot reflects credit on those responsible for its choice.

I thought Miss Margaretta Scott's Viola far and away the best performance. She has the true Shakespearean voice (by which I do not mean a portentous chanting), infinite grace, and an attractive personality. As Olivia Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry sang better than ever, but is no less flamboyant than she was in this part at the New Theatre.

Sir Nigel Playfair's Malvolio gave no hint of the inner tragedy of this comedy part, but his is an amazing Malvolio, a Malvolio whom we wish to see again and, above all, the Malvolio for a sunny afternoon.

According to Bella and Samuel Spewack, oddly-named but most capable American dramatists, life in Moscow in 1933 is not an unredeemed spell of monotonous misery. If, that is to say, one is not a Russian. To choose Soviet Russia as a background for hilarious fun is an original course. But Les Spewacks have originality and will, I fancy, reap the reward of it. *Clear all Wires* made even a heat-wave audience laugh at the Garrick. If the cast can stand the pace this strange farce might last until the heat-waves of 1934. There is, however, another obstacle in the way of so happy a development—the technicalities of journalism with which the play is concerned. I am rather afraid, from the box-office point of view, of "shop" of any kind. *Once in a Lifetime*, one of the funniest plays I have ever seen, had a shortish existence because it showed the public the film-wheels going round. Many more people are interested in film-wheels than in newspaper-wheels, and know more about films than they know about journalism—and among them I would put not a few journalists. Yet the theatre-going public have a way of proving all prophets wrong.

AT THE STRAND: Arthur Wontner, Mary Jerrold, Margaret Scudamore, Spencer Trevor, Jessie Matthews, and Sonnie Hale in a scene from *Sally Who?* the new play by Dion Titheradge at the Strand

The Soviet setting for *Clear All Wires* is purely incidental. Any European country, even Ruritania, would have served equally as well. There is no attempt to show the funny side of Communism. As a matter of fact there isn't one. The only sign of the Bolshevist regime was the mingled venality and profound stupidity of every member of the cast supposed to be representing a Russian.

I do not think the Soviet Commissar would have been quite so obliging, and it is a million roubles to a pair of Stalin's old boots that every one of those newspaper correspondents would have been arrested by the Ogpu before the end of the first act; which would have been a pity.

They were a quaint but not incredible lot. The big noise in that hotel suite was the American "ace," Buckley Joyce Thomas.

I know Mr. Buckley Joyce Thomas, for I have met him in many parts of the world. He belongs to a type which had at one time a great success but whose star is beginning to wane, for, as one of the soberer intelligences in the play remarked, "Nowadays the public don't want news; they want to know what is happening." Thomas was constitutionally unable to find out anything that happened, since he was too busy making "noose." He had

nd FILMS

Margaretta Scott Excels as Viola:—Soviet Russia as a Background the White House"—a Propaganda Argentina the Graceful

IP PAGE

the conceit of the devil, plenty of resource, a habit of appearing in appropriate, and often inappropriate uniforms, and a genius for bluff. His dispatches gave the impression that epoch-making events invariably occurred with himself as the protagonist. He was the apotheosis of the "I" merchant.

In the old days his sort made a lot of money and published a book or two, bountifully adorned with portraits of the author.

Clear All Wires is simply Thomas bluffing, Thomas telephoning, Thomas dictating to his faithful secretary, "Zepty." He steals his employer's blonde, accidentally saves the life of a Soviet minister, is sacked, is taken on by Hearst, and never ceases talking.

Strangely enough one does not get sick of him; indeed, one rather likes him. That is mainly due to the resource of Mr. Bernard Nedell in a part longer than Hamlet and Peer Gynt combined.

REVIVAL OF "DIPLOMACY": Basil Rathbone, Gerald du Maurier, and Eric Portman in Sardou's famous Victorian drama now running at the Princes. The struggle between the three men still remains the most effective scene in the play

The remainder of the cast are, to a large extent, satellites revolving round Mr. Nedell. But most of them shine brilliantly as they revolve, particularly Mr. Ernest Jay as his secretary, Mr. Ronald Simpson as a pale-faced Russian interpreter, Mr. Esmé Percy as a decayed—a very decayed—Russian aristocrat, and Miss Joan Marion as a sweetly reasonable back-ground to a madly hilarious farce-comedy.

The ingenuity is astonishing, and the work of Mr. Reginald Bird, who has produced the play, and obviously has insisted on the speed without which it might have been a tedious disaster, certainly deserves to be mentioned.

Madame Argentina has come and gone. It is a pity that the appearances of this really great dancer at the Savoy were limited to two, and those during a period which, however graceful a compliment on the part of Nature to a child from Sunny Spain, was not one for theatre-going. There was, none the less, plenty of support and enthusiasm.

A drawback to most Spanish dancing, unrecognized only by the most fanatical devotees, is its monotony. A few twirls of the shawl, a different rhythm here with the castanets, a variation there with the stamp of the feet—the scope seems limited. Twenty minutes is as much as one can stand of the average dark-eyed beauty of this type, however alluring her wiles.

But Argentina is by no means "average." Her genius consists in the fact that she has infinite variety in dancing that yet never ceases to be national. Her most remarkable contribution was the "Tientos," which is, I am told, an Andalusian dance never before seen in London. However, that may be, it should certainly be seen again. If it is not, Argentina's performance of it will take a deal of forgetting.

Not the least of the many advantages of the films is that it is possible to make a film debut at any age. The late Mr. Fred Kerr, admirable actor, found an entirely fresh public, and a fresh source of income, as a septuagenarian by giving Hollywood elderly English aristocrats, which Hollywood cannot even attempt to supply for itself without ludicrous effect.

And now one of the most talked-of film stars in London is an infant of twelve months who, with a miniature straw hat on its poor little bald head—or, probably, rich little bald head—gazes at one from the hoardings outside the Carlton Theatre in the Haymarket.

This baby's first profitable job in life has been to be slobbered over by M. Maurice Chevalier. That is doubtless a pleasant enough process for adult or adolescent females. But it must bore a babe. This one will surely one day be a clever actor, since even at its present age it can conceal its boredom, which is more than I was able to do.

The plot is age-old. It existed, of course, long before Hollywood conceived the notion of linking its highly-paid males with children and running the gamut of the more domestic side of sentimentality

Mr. Chevalier, who is supposed to have found this baby in a limousine, makes clever play with the situation of a helpless man attending to the wants of an infant, and the more obvious points of bad taste are avoided. The surroundings are luxurious and expensive, and Miss Helen Twelvetrees is (or are?) part of them.

It is a little unfortunate that in the propaganda film, *Gabriel Over the White House*, a President of the United States does not advocate disarmament until he goes mad. This President had a motor-car accident which changes him from a conventional politician into an uncomfortable idealist bent on saving his country by a dictatorship.

The only amusing element is not in the film itself but in the fact that this dictatorship has been hailed ecstatically by the official organ of our own Labour Party, which calls it on that account "a moving, impressive picture. A lesson to the world. . . . a message nobly delivered."

I had an idea that Socialists did not like dictators.

Probably no offence was intended in making this American president lecture the representatives of Great Britain and of other nations, assembled on a ship past which steams impressively the American navy. He tells them, like naughty children, what America will do, in all her might, if we and our fellow Europeans do not disarm. But it must be remembered that the man (ably played by Mr. Walter Huston) was mad.

The film is too naïve to make any one angry. It obviously means well. But as propaganda it is junk.

A THRILLER AT THE VAUDEVILLE: Barbara Couper and Henry Oscar in *Wild Justice*. Mr. Henry Oscar gives an excellent performance as a sanctimonious churchwarden who commits a particularly brutal murder, while Miss Couper ably sustains the part of the threatened wife. The play was transferred to the West-End from the Lyric, Hammersmith, last month

AT THE PRINCES: Basil Rathbone in the part of Julian Beauclerc and Joyce Kennedy as the Comtesse Zicka. Although Sardou died over a quarter of a century ago this Victorian play does not date to the extent that might be expected; polished and enthusiastic acting bringing it into line with the requirements of a 1933 audience

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

Mr. Harold Nicolson's Vivid Picture of Post-War Politics :: Julius Cæsar in the Light of Modern Research

SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO, author of the *Life of Cæsar*, recently published by Allen and Unwin

When I picked up *Peacemaking*, by Harold Nicolson (Constable. 18s.), I feared that he was going to be wise after the event, that with Olympian detachment he would castigate the follies of statesmen, and take off their patent shoes to reveal the clay feet that accompanied those heads of brass. He is wise after the event, but, with true contrition, he does remove the patent shoes, revealing clay, but with all humility he exposes his own feet. He is seldom Olympian, and much too temperamental to be detached. There are moments when he irritates one with laboured facetiousness, and he still suffers from the undergraduate's passion for a scintillating phrase; but all these defects considered, he has written a book of absorbing interest, highly readable in content and style, wise, witty, and provocative, but most notable of all for its unexpected and refreshing quality of tolerance and understanding.

It is the fashion to reveal the statesmen of Versailles as a set of knaves or fools. They are reputed to have carved up the world like ill-trained butchers, to have repudiated their pledges with a snigger, and to have danced on the faces of their foes to the tune of a penny Press. It is a far different story that Mr. Nicolson unfolds, by a dual method. He writes reminiscently of his own experience of the peacemaking as he saw it, he then adds his diary, written day by day, thus exhibiting to the reader a comparative statement of events, seen, and later reflected upon. Mr. Nicolson occupied a minor position as an underling of the Foreign Office. He did not at the time think he was an underling, and he recalls his vanity and egotism with amusement, and perhaps exaggerated humility.

He was, it seems, a highly capable and very ardent altruist, a firm believer in Wilsonism and the Fourteen Points, and something of an expert on Czechoslovak affairs. At the outset he demolishes several erroneous impressions. The peacemakers were opinionated, perhaps too zealous for their own interests, but they were not ignorant. "The trouble about the Paris Conference was not that there was too little information, but that there was far too much. The fault was not lack of preparation, but lack of co-ordination." He kills a canard concerning Mr. Lloyd George. It has always been a joke against him that he did not know where Teschen was. Mr. Lloyd George confessed the fact, but very few people did know where it was. It was not at all important that he should know. Mr. Lloyd George emerges from Mr. Nicolson's survey with a high reputation for sanity and ability. He was neither the dark villain nor the hoodwinked fool. "I question indeed whether any British statesman then alive could, given the state of opinion at home, have achieved, or rather have avoided so much." It would appear that the villains of the peace, if any, were the Italians, Orlando and Sonnino. Mr. Nicolson thinks they wrecked the Conference. They insisted on the monstrous Treaty of London, the price of their betrayal of Germany, and this involved a challenge with Wilsonism. The President collapsed before this challenge, and the Conference deteriorated into a disgraceful scramble. Mr. Nicolson's own story of the fall of his god, Wilson, is a distressing one. He traces step by step the irreconcilable forces encountered by the President consequent upon his folly in coming to Europe. Seen from Europe he was a Prophet. At the Quai d'Orsay "within those hot, high walls, beneath those gay and flippant tapestries, Mr. Wilson was no more than the plenipotentiary of the United States. He was not a good plenipotentiary." His staff was admirably composed. He was well advised, in vain. "I have never had to work with a body of men more intelligent, more scholarly, more broad-minded, or more accurately informed than were the American Delegation to the Peace Conference."

This is a vivid picture which Mr. Nicolson paints. Some of his touches are masterly—"the crackle of Rolls-Royces upon the gravel of sumptuous courtyards," "the tired and contemptuous eyelids of Clemenceau, the black button boots of Woodrow Wilson, the rotund and jovial gestures of Mr. Lloyd George's hands, the infinite languor of Mr. Balfour slowly uncrossing his knees"—but sometimes Mr. Nicolson obtrudes a puckish spirit, as in his cynical and unnecessary definition of a diplomat with "the power to ask inconvenient questions at the wrong moment." I cannot understand how the wrong moment, in any circumstances, could ever be deemed the right. But this occasional capriciousness allowed for, Mr. Nicolson reveals an engaging sanity. He makes a very singular and striking point. "Nothing could be more fatal than the habit of personal contact between the Statesmen of the World . . . there is nothing more damaging to precision in International relations than friendliness between the Contracting Parties." Many of us are thinking this to-day, in the hour of incessant and futile conferences between our peripatetic statesmen, who have now staged a Grand Farce in London, following the vaudeville of Rome, Geneva, and Paris.

"The affability inseparable from any conversation between Foreign Ministers produces allusiveness, compromises, and high intentions. Diplomacy, if it is ever to be effective, should be a disagreeable business. And one recorded in hard print." That opinion, based on experience, I do not think can be effectively challenged.

The diary which comprises the second half of this book is a vivid, lively compilation. Mr. Nicolson reveals the fuss, the futility, the hard work, the incessant talk, the feuds and undercurrents that filled those Parisian days. He touches all sections and interests. "Proust is white, unshaven, grubby, slip-faced. He puts his fur coat on afterwards, and sits hunched there in white kid gloves. Two cups of black coffee he has with chunks of sugar." His microscopic habit of mind comes out when he demands from Nicolson an account of how committees work. He wants an account from the moment when the delegate takes a taxi, mounts the stairs. There is a good Clemenceau story.

BOOKS TO READ

ZEST, by Charles G. Norris (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.).

LITTLE FRIEND, by Ernst Lothar (Secker. 7s. 6d.).

LONDON SCENE, by H. J. Massingham (Cobden Sanderson. 10s. 6d.).

SUCH POWER IS DANGEROUS, by Dennis Wheatley (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.).

DIVIDED LOYALTIES, by Lewis Einstein (Cobden Sanderson. 15s.).

WIRELESS OVER THIRTY YEARS, by R. Vyvyan (Routledge. 8s. 6d.).

He wore a bowler hat. Balfour wore a top hat, and apologized, saying he had been informed it was obligatory to wear one. "So was I," retorted Clemenceau.

The Italians emerge badly from this book. During the negotiations to buy Italy's support, "Sir Edward Grey was so disconcerted by Italy's conduct and demands that he retired to the country on a plea of illness." They brought a heavy bill to the Conference, and insisted on its being met. They compelled Wilson to lower his flag. The Peace of the Fourteen Points was dead.

Mr. Nicolson announces this book as the second of a trilogy, of which *Lord Carnock* is the first. I cannot see any connection between the two, but the promise of a third volume of the excellent nature of its predecessors will make a trilogy, however thinly connected, extremely welcome. After an indifferent excursion into fiction, Mr. Nicolson has brilliantly recovered himself.

The spasmodic and disconnected manner in which history is taught in our schools results in strange gaps in our knowledge. The most eminent of all Romans, Cæsar, is familiar to us because he landed on British shores, and was assassinated in Shakespeare's blank verses. Between these two facts there are a few Latin text books, reluctantly and painfully absorbed. The rest is silence. I have very greatly enjoyed Guglielmo Ferrero's great work *The Life of Cæsar*, which now comes to us in an excellent translation by Professor A. E. Zimmern (Allen and Unwin. 16s.). This is a most fascinating biography, provided with an excellent background of Roman history and written with directness and simplicity. One of the greatest epochs in history and one of the most remarkable men of all time are presented in the light of modern research. Professor Ferrero opposes the hitherto accepted version of Cæsar as a man who overthrew the Republic and made monarchy possible. The fall of the Republic followed political squabbles, for which Cæsar was scarcely responsible. His great work was the conquest of Gaul, an achievement which marked the beginning of European civilization. Professor Ferrero focuses his examination upon this point, and he carefully examines the ground over which Cæsar was destined to work.

The book is introduced, therefore, with a painstaking and lucid review of Rome and Italy a century before Christ, and examines the forces behind the Sullan reaction and Cæsar's début in politics. This work was begun thirty years ago; it does not suffer from an anti- or pro-Fascist attitude. It is not a political pamphlet, although Professor Ferrero has had every provocation to write one. "I am grateful to the Republic and University of Geneva," he writes, "for having enabled me to continue in an atmosphere charged with menace as that of this present epoch, an intellectual labour begun under the serene skies of the dawning twentieth century. I have kept faith with truth, such as I discovered it thirty years ago when it held no danger, in an epoch when so to keep my faith has laid me open to grave perils." Professor Ferrero has used his exile well in completing this noble work.

Anyone who sighs for the good old times should be presented with a copy of this most entertaining book, *The Progress of a Ploughboy to a Seat in Parliament*. Under this title William Cobbett began to write the history of his life. It is strange that so many years should elapse before the publication of this entrancing book (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.), but he never actually finished the work, although parts of it existed in print and in manuscript. Mr. Reitzel, the editor of this collection of Cobbett's writings, has done his work ingeniously, filling in the gaps and ordering the fragments so that the narrative is authentic and almost complete. The result is a classic worthy to rank with the famous *Rural Rides*. Here is Cobbett's passionate love of the countryside, his burning defence of the poor peasant, his belief in agricultural England, his passion for general reform, and his sturdy common sense. His life was full of vicissitudes.

The son of a ploughman in Surrey, he enlisted in the army, entered politics in Philadelphia in 1794, worked in England during the Napoleonic wars, was imprisoned in Newgate for seditious libel, went in exile to America, and finally succeeded in his agitations for parliamentary reform. A stormy life, one built up in adverse circumstances, it was deserving of its tranquil end. "If I have one wish more ardent than all other, it is this: that I, enjoying my garden and few fields, may see England as great in the world, and her industrious, laborious, kind and virtuous people as happy as they were when I was born, and that I may at last have a few years of calm at the close of a long life of storms and tempests." His wish was granted. "'This morning, long before four o'clock, I heard the blackbirds making the fields echo with their whistle." He died in tranquillity amid the scenes he loved. Mr. Reitzel has given us a delicious and thoroughly readable book.

Panorama with Music, by Grace E. Thompson, is a most ambitious attempt by the method of fiction based on historical fact to present to us a kind of cavalcade through the years 1774-1932. Miss Thompson follows the descent of an English family, taking contemporary prints and histories as her basis, not ignoring the fashionable musicians and songs of the period. The story is most ably and engagingly told and with considerable accuracy, though the author makes one singular slip in calling the King of Italy "a tall, imposing figure." I believe that the king is the smallest monarch in Europe.

WILLIAM COBBETT: A wood engraving by John Fairleigh forming the frontispiece of the life history of the famous reformer. The book, which is entitled *The Progress of a Plough Boy to a Seat in Parliament*, is edited by Mr. William Reitzel and published by Faber and Faber, Ltd.

Mrs. D. Wilde Rice of Formby, near Liverpool, exercising her four borzois on the sands at Freshfield. They were prominent exhibits at the Windsor Championship Show last week

CANINE ARISTOCRATS

INSEPARABLES: Una Merkel, the film star, and her pup, Zip

LUCKY DOGS

A young holidaymaker at Margate wonders whether she can safely leave her big St. Bernard while she dashes into the water for a bathe

THE ST. BERNARD AND THE BATHER

LONDON'S RIVERSIDE STORY: What to See and Note in Old Greenwich

Tens of thousands of Londoners will be discovering Greenwich for the first time during the coming days of the Naval Night Pageant which opens this week. They will find here the salient points of its history and the origin of the famous buildings among which they will find themselves

THE NAVAL COUNTERPART OF THE MILITARY HOSPITAL AT CHELSEA: These pensioners figure in an interesting picture hanging in the hospital museum entitled "Re-telling the Battle of the Nile"

While the Thames remained a highway for the populace of London, Greenwich was well known, it being an easy matter to run down with the tide to enjoy the fresh breezes and the whitebait dinners to be obtained there. But the majority of Londoners to-day know nothing of Greenwich and have only been reminded of its existence through the operation of the Naval Pageant which begins its run there this week. It is more than likely that many of those who will be witnessing the brilliant scenes of Greenwich history to be enacted in the magnificent setting of Wren's architecture will endorse Macaulay's verdict that "few of those who now gaze on the noblest of European hospitals are aware that it is a memorial of the virtues of good Queen Mary, of the love and sorrow of William, and of the great victory of La Hogue."

Why are the terms of hospital and palace so interwoven when referring to Greenwich? Simply because it began as a palace where kings and queens were born and died, a place to which they retreated for the enjoyment of the summer air, and because it became a hospital for seamen through the generosity of the Royal owners, William III and Mary II.

Drawing by Percy Home

A TIMBER-FRONTED HOUSE facing the Thames to the west of the hospital. Several old houses in the immediate vicinity were removed a few months ago

You cannot read Tudor history without finding constant references to Greenwich Palace which much delighted Henry VIII and his Royal children, both his daughters Mary and Elizabeth being born there. The position of the palace, washed by the broad river, blown by the fresh breezes brought up with the tide, and with rising ground to the open heath behind, made it a palace healthier than any other of the Royal residences.

Foreign ambassadors describe their visits there and give us intimate accounts of the state kept by Henry VIII when he held Christmas there; and of Queen Elizabeth and the regal manner in which she went to Placentia and of the State banquets. Poor Anne Boleyn was arrested at Greenwich after her brief reign of splendour, and young King Edward VI drifted out of life there, having a few days before been carried out of bed to see Sir Hugh Willoughby sailing down the river on his way to discover a new trade route through the Arctic Seas.

The Scottish King, James I, and his son Charles both carried on the Tudor tradition at Greenwich, but with the execution of Charles I the glory of the palace fell, the Commonwealth ordering the sale of all the splendid tapestries, furniture and pictures collected there. When Charles II returned he found the place so neglected that he pulled down the old palace and started rebuilding on a magnificent scale, having the idea of Versailles in his mind. He schemed blocks of buildings and great avenues of trees and terraces, which caused Pepys to say in 1664 "at Greenwich I observed the foundation of a very great house for the King which will cost a great deal of money." Only one wing of this vast palace was achieved, the architect being Webb, who used designs of Inigo Jones, and this wing is now on the right of the spectators as they sit in the colossal stand erected over the grass plot.

PENSIONERS AT THE NIGHT PAGEANT

1433.—ORIGINAL PALACE, much favoured by Henry VIII.

1649–1660.—Falls into decay during the Commonwealth period. SECOND ROYAL PALACE, begun by Charles II.

1699.—HOSPITAL FOR DISABLED SEAMEN, begun by Queen Mary (wife of Dutch William), completed by William III; architect, Sir Christopher Wren

1869.—The last of the in-pensioners vacated the old hospital.

1873.—A ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, present president, Vice-Admiral Barry Domvile.

THE SPLENDOUR OF THE WILLIAM AND MARY ARCHITECTURE AT GREENWICH HOSPITAL: This picture was taken while testing the structure of the grandstand

With Charles II its history as a palace ends, and a few years later its history as a hospital begins. The inception of the hospital was due to Queen Mary, consort of William III, who was moved by compassion for the sick and wounded sailors after the battle of La Hogue, and desired some fitting home for them. In the national enthusiasm for the great naval fight, the first great victory over the French since Agincourt, and the feeling of relief that the country was not to be invaded by French troops sent by Louis XIV to restore James II, nothing was too good for the sailors, and in consequence the King and Queen announced that the palace planned by Charles II should be completed for the use of disabled seamen.

Queen Mary never saw her dream accomplished, but in his grief over her death William III immediately set to work, and the hospital as we see it to-day was the result. Sir Christopher Wren, then Surveyor-General, built the two great colonnaded blocks surmounted by two graceful domes which form the wings of the stage of the pageant, and in 1705 the first naval pensioners were installed in their stately home. These pensioners are depicted in their blue coats in the opening scene of the pageant. A group of the present actors is given on this page.

Drawing by Percy Home

OLD RIVERSIDE GREENWICH: The verandas of Georgian days still shade these balconies of the "Trafalgar" on the eastern side of Greenwich Hospital

As time went on it was found that the generous thought of good Queen Mary had its drawbacks, and that the pensioners, separated from their families, were apt to be unhappy, and it was finally decided, in 1865, to pay outdoor pensions to be spent where the recipient liked rather than maintenance within the hospital. The school for the sons of naval men was maintained, its scope enlarged, and the hospital to-day is known as the Royal Naval College. The president occupies quarters in the Charles II wing, which possesses a number of finely panelled rooms, many of which look directly upon the river. The scene here is at all times one of the stateliest on the Thames.

ASCOT and OXFORD: Fashions at the Royal Meeting—Max Reinhardt's Shakespeare

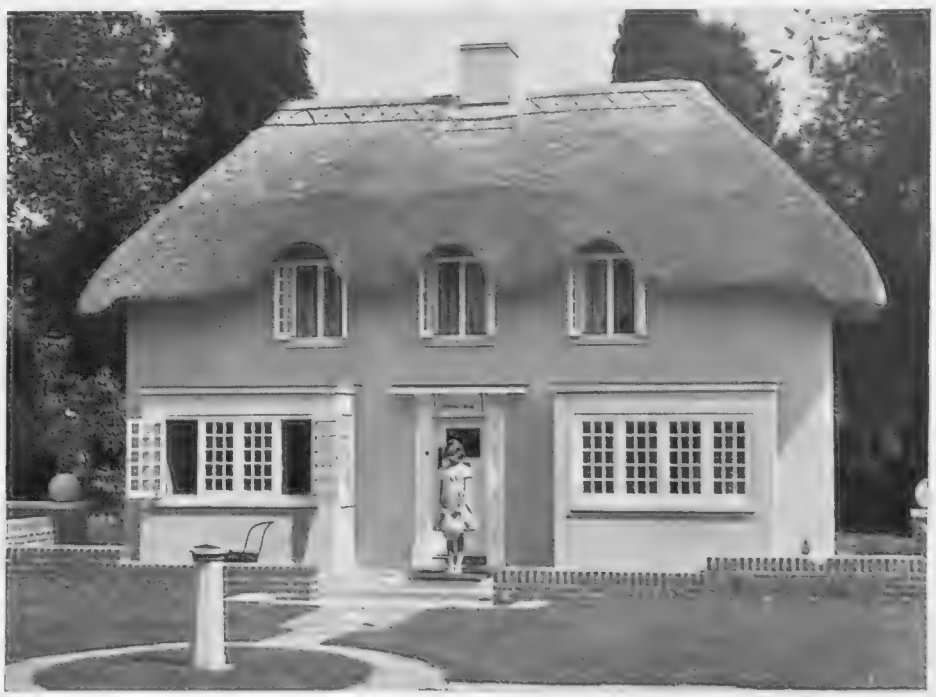
PROFESSOR MAX REINHARDT AT OXFORD: The distinguished producer of the University Dramatic Society's open-air presentation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, seen at Heddington with Miss Nini Theilada, the Danish dancer

REHEARSING "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM": Miss Nini Theilada, the seventeen-year-old dancer, for whom critics are predicting an outstanding future, rehearsing one of her dances for the O.U.D.S. performance at Oxford. The play is being presented on the upper slopes of a meadow at Heddington, near Turner's famous view point of the towers and spires of Oxford

ASCOT'S FASHION PARADE: Three charming racegoers in muslin, organdie, and crêpe de chine who defied the threatening weather and appeared in their Ascot best. They are seen watching one of the races from the vantage point of a coach

NOTED AT ASCOT: A matt velvet coat with organ-pleated sleeves over each arm. A charming race-week ensemble seen on the opening day

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ENGAGEMENT: Lady Honor Guinness, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Iveagh, and Mr. Henry Channon, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Channon of Chicago



PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT HOME: One of the first pictures to be taken of the Princess's miniature thatched cottage since its erection in the grounds of Royal Lodge, Windsor. The cottage was the gift to the Princess from the Welsh people

"A VISIT TO THE YACHT"

Beauty with a background of towering masts

A famous Tissot painting exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1874

ON BOARD H.M.S. "CALCUTTA"

"THE CAPTAIN AND THE MATE"

Painted in 1873 and loaned to the Leicester Galleries Exhibition by R. Skinner, Esq.

A detail from "The Captain's Daughter." Exhibited 1873

SEAFARING TYPES

"1873: THE CONCERT"

Mlle Diaz de Soria, the violinist, gives a recital before a distinguished company. Sir Julius Benedict is at the piano

A TISSOT MASTERPIECE

A CHRONICLER OF THE 70's

The James Tissot Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries

The exhibition of the paintings of James Tissot now at the Leicester Galleries gives us delightful glimpses into the pleasant leisurely life of the 'Seventies, and for that reason alone is worth visiting, though apart from the charm of the subject the technique of Tissot shows such a high degree of excellence that one wonders why he is not better known.

Born at Nantes on October 15, 1836, Tissot studied under Lamotte and Flandrin, and made his début in the Paris Salon with four figures of saints designed for stained glass windows to the memory of his parents, and in 1861 his picture of the "Meeting Between Faust and Marguerite" was bought by the State.

Tissot fought with great bravery during the Franco-Prussian War, and in 1871 came to England and lived for eighteen years at 17 Grove Road, St. John's Wood. His genial temperament, undoubted talent, and lovable disposition soon secured him a host of friends; he painted a large number of portraits and genre pictures, and also did caricatures for *Vanity Fair*. Ruskin criticised the choice of some of his pictures, and declared that they were "unhappily mere coloured photographs of vulgar society." But at the same time even Ruskin had to admire their technique, though, as was his wont, he veiled his approbation in ambiguous phraseology. "Mr. Tissot's works," he says, "require especial notice because their dexterity and brilliancy are apt to make the spectator forget their conscientiousness."

In spite of Mr. Ruskin's criticisms we are grateful to M. Tissot for these "coloured photographs" of a society which, far from striking us as vulgar, entrances us with its graciousness, its serenity and charm. Take for instance his picture of "The Concert," a musical party given at the house of Sir Julius Benedict, which gives the atmosphere of leisured ease, of culture and a rather sedate, repressed animation, so characteristic of the period. Sir Julius Benedict, the son of a Jewish banker in Stuttgart, had come over to England in 1835 and made a place for himself in English society. He accompanied at all the Monday popular concerts, went with Jenny Lind to America, conducted at the Norwich festivals, and was made a Knight in 1871. In this picture of Tissot's we see him seated at the piano, peering over his glasses at a sheet of music, while the young artist, Mademoiselle Diaz de Soria, in her dress of white and yellow, waits in the centre of the room, with her violin ready poised to begin.

Prince Dhuleep Singh sits on the right hand in the seat of honour and in the foreground on the left we see the graceful back of a lady in an elaborate dress of black tulle, trimmed with pale yellow ribbons. The finish and detail with which the tulle is painted, the ease and entire naturalness of her pose, the shining coils of her dark hair, make one feel that in a moment she will furl her huge black fan and turn to smile, with eyes that

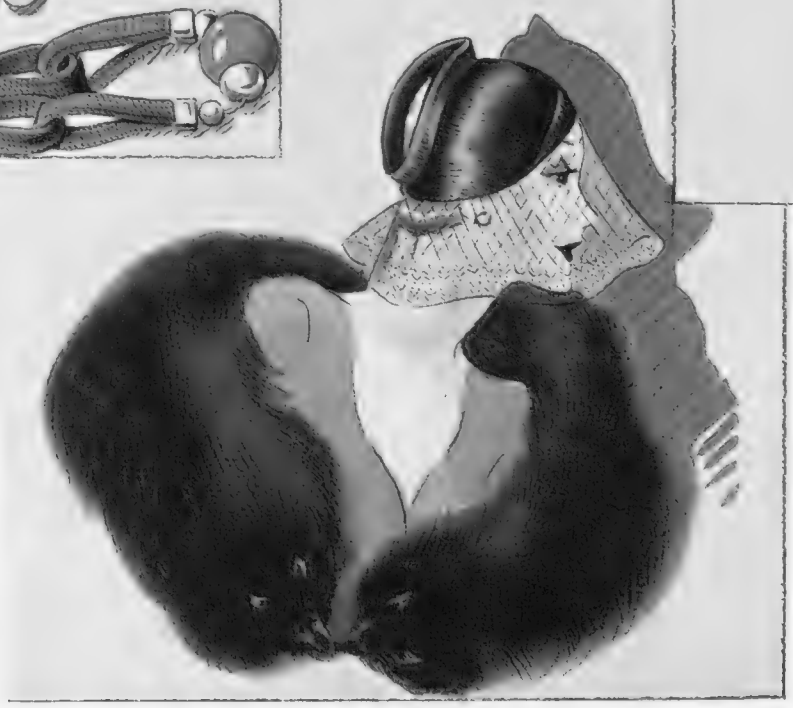
(*Continued on p.* 470)

HEAD AND SHOULDERS ABOVE THE REST

Right—Marcel Lely created this hat in black straw closely braided with white. It is of the fez-cum-tam persuasion, and is neatly bound with black petersham ribbon. At present it is at Debenham and Freebody's, of Wigmore Street, as is the white organdie coatee banded with black and fastened with a large jet button

Below—Rose Descat uses a very fine soft blue wool for this ingenious version of the unbanishable beret. Cleverly tucked and folded, it is topped with an osprey mount and is worn with a collar and gauntlet cuffs of embroidered organdie edged with plain organdie ruchings. Both come from Debenham and Freebody

Beautifully-made organdie flowers are shown above, while on the left is a flat cord necklace, paste and pearl earrings, and a circular clip. From Marshall and Snelgrove

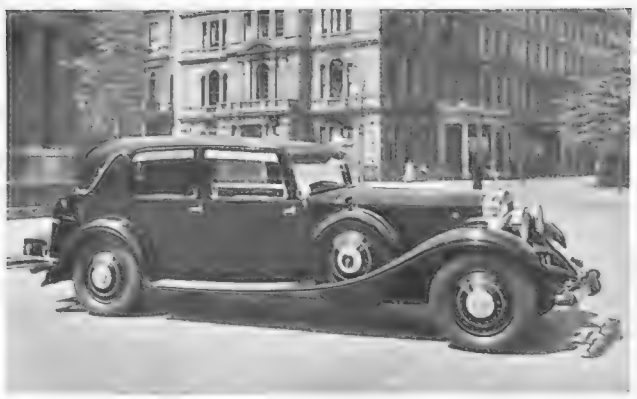


Above — Garden party hats this season affect a tailored trimness that is in direct contrast with the befrilled dresses they accompany. Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, have a very graceful natural Leghorn model with a shallow ridged crown across which is draped a wide black ciré ribbon tied on the left side

CORD and BRAID: MILLINERY FAVOURITES

Transparently lovely, this cap has a net inset in the crown. It is made of fine black ciré cord posed on aerophane, and has a crinoline veil with touches of colour in the border. From Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street; it is worn with a two-skin fox stole

ORGANDIE FOR FLATTERING NECKLINES



A SPECIAL DESIGN: A 40–50-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis fitted with a special black sports limousine body by Arthur Mulliner. The interior is upholstered in fawn cloth

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

IN A SYLVAN SETTING: The latest type 3-litre Lagonda fitted with a silent travel saloon body. A noteworthy feature is the absence of door pillars

THE MAY BUG-BEAR.—When we consider the number of animals that fly, walk, or run over or on our roads, it is surprising that they do not cause more accidents than they actually do. I have frequently heard of cars being wrecked because a pheasant or some such bird has crashed into the windscreen with disastrous effects to itself and the object hit, though, of course, such accidents were far more frequent in the days before Triplex became almost standard. The other day a lady friend of mine had a narrow escape from a prolonged visit to a hospital or an eternal one in a cemetery, all because one of those repulsive insects, commonly known as a May bug, suddenly settled on her eye. She made frantic efforts to remove the intruder, but he clung all the tighter and refused to budge. The result was a broken lamp-post and a very badly damaged car which incidentally was not much more than a fortnight old.

This is the first time I have heard of a modern motorist being attacked or unduly troubled by one of these insects. In pre-War days when I was motor-cycling or motoring without a windscreen I used to dread the month when these large ugly brutes were flying about in the air, because contact with them could almost knock one completely out, though in most instances the effects were merely unpleasant.

I wonder if I am peculiar in the way I sneeze, but it has often struck me that if everybody closes his eyes as I do when this function has to be performed there are probably accidents occurring every day from this cause.

AGAIN THE DRIVING TEST.—Almost as regularly as the appearance of the sea serpent at Brighton we have an outcry from certain quarters to induce the Government to institute a driving test. This outburst usually can be depended upon to make itself heard when the statistics relating to road accidents are published. Some people with nothing better to do, and who probably scarcely ever motor, immediately write to the newspapers suggesting that the number of fatalities could be cut in half if a severe driving test were instituted. Fortunately, for the good of the country these fanatics have not met with any success up to the moment, but like the drop of water continually falling on stone they may wear down the opposition unless that opposition is preserved in its present strong and healthy condition.

A LANCASHIRE LASS: Miss Gracie Fields, the popular comedienne, entering the Humber Snipe Limousine de Ville of which she recently took delivery

Even assuming for a moment that any driving test which could be instituted throughout the country could eliminate what we term bad drivers, I refuse to believe that the number of accidents would be materially reduced.

THE NECESSARY RESTRAINT.—Unless the driving test could reproduce the various sets of circumstances that frequently lead to trouble it would be mere waste of time. The driver who can change gear without a sound and without the help of a self-changing box, the driver who can skid round a corner frequently in a masterly manner, and the driver who imagines that he can control his car with one hand on the wheel, those are the people who are far more likely to cause accidents than the individual who is usually looked upon as a bad driver. In other words, it is not a proficiency in mechanical skill which determines whether a driver is safe or not. Judgment and temperament are two qualities which determine whether a driver should be let on the road or not. Perhaps at some future date it may be possible to place a candidate for a driving test actually at the wheel of a car and reproduce all the "tight corners" which may occur by means of cinematography, but even then there would be a grave possibility that many of the successful examinees might prove extremely dangerous to themselves and others when left to their resources on the highway without the restraining influence of an examiner beside them.

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BRITTANY: The Land of "Pardons"

THE DAY OF THE "PARDON": Breton peasants dressed in their best frocks for the Pardon of Pont l'Abbé. Their heavy crêpe-de-chine aprons are embroidered in gay colours and silver thread

Of all the French provinces none has more character or more historic interest than Brittany—a land of rugged coasts, unusual beauty, and strange paradoxes, where the quiet charm and rustic simplicity of her people exist side by side with the mysticism common to the Celtic race. For the Bretons are indeed a deeply religious peasantry—and perhaps they have need to be. The life of the fisherfolk along the Atlantic coasts is not an easy one and sometimes they require all the courage and all the faith their religion can inspire.

The ancient monuments which dot the land and the old customs that still survive among the people testify to a religious culture bred of an age-old piety that goes back to the earliest times. There is no more truly representative feature of Breton life than the "Pardons"—religious spectacles that appear to have no parallel in any other part of Europe.

These "Pardons" have little resemblance to other festivals and do not provide a pretence for feasting as do the Flemish "Kermesses." For it is only towards evening, when Vespers are over, that there is any relaxation from the religious observance of the day.

In central and south-western Brittany these ceremonies are observed with particular reverence. Early in the day the crowds who take part pass long hours at prayer before the altar or image of some favoured saint, their silent, bent figures telling of a devotion that is as trusting as it is sincere.

Along the main highways parties of men and women may be seen talking in low, soft tones. And some will be singing or chanting a song bought of the ballad-seller. He is usually found at all "Pardons" singing his tunes and offering them for sale as he passes along the village street. Perhaps the most picturesque of all these festivals is the "Pardon of the Poor," dedicated to the most beloved of all Breton saints, St. Yves.

BRETON PEASANTS OF TO-DAY: Smiling faces and picturesque national costumes

In his simple faith in St. Yves the Breton illustrates unquenchable hope and belief in the ultimate triumph of righteousness, and it is to his great white marble tomb in Tréguier Cathedral that pilgrims every year flock in never-failing numbers. This festival takes place on May 19 and for once the narrow, usually quiet, streets of the little town are alive with pilgrims who have come to worship at the shrine. There are many other famous "Pardons" in various parts of Brittany and each has a deep religious significance.

These great festivals are as much a part of the Brittany of to-day as they have been down the centuries. For her people they make religion a living force and an ever-present reality.

Why I Financed the Houston Everest Expedition

By LADY HOUSTON

When I promised Lord Clydesdale that I would finance this Great Adventure—and he went forth like Jack the Giant Killer to conquer Everest—many people said, "Why does she do it?"

My reason was this—a relation of mine had just come from India and three days after she left her nearest neighbour was murdered. This sort of thing I was told is, alas, not unusual now in India. I asked—Why? And the answer I got was, that since agitators have been permitted to preach treason it has made the people of India think that we Britons have lost our courage, and they had better therefore stand in with these others.

This made me feel that some great deed of heroism might rouse India and make them remember that, though they are of a different race, they are British subjects under the King of England, who is Emperor of India, *and what more can they want?*

For all Indians love brave deeds and must rejoice with us and feel proud of this act of heroism our valiant airmen have accomplished in mounting seven miles into the air over India's highest mountain—for this is surely a proof to them that pluck and courage are not dead in our race and perhaps (who can tell?) this may make them remember all the advantages and privileges they have enjoyed under English rule, and all the lovingkindness that was shown them by our forefathers, who fed them when there was famine, who nursed them when there was plague, and who administered absolute justice to them in every dispute; for as long as our race exists indomitable courage and an unalterable love of justice will always be our outstanding characteristics; for that great thinker Maeterlinck tells us that the character of a nation never alters.

Folks Who Always Feel Tired

Should be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication.

A persistent tired feeling accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines becoming sluggish allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in, which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired, and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Take Kutnow's Powder regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

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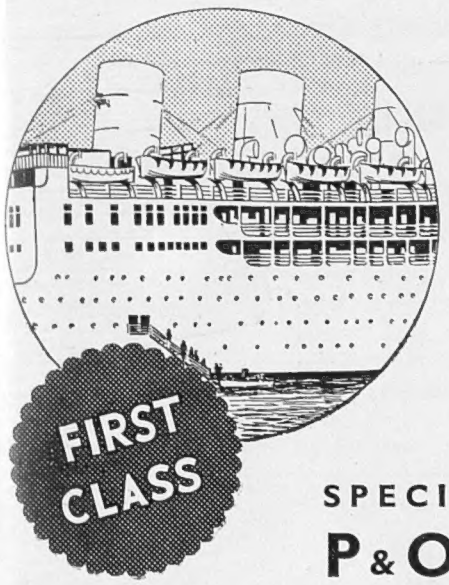

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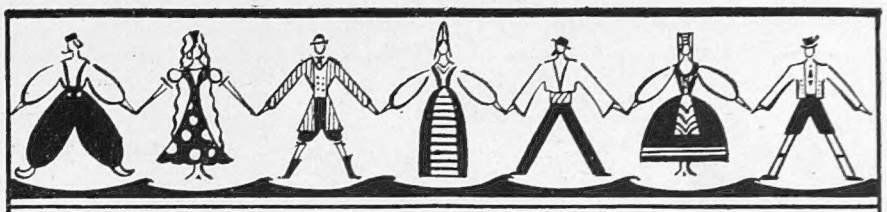

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● *For all information apply Continental Departments, VICTORIA STATION, S.W.1 (for SOUTHERN Routes), or LIVERPOOL STREET STATION, E.C.2 (for HARWICH Routes), or any Station, Office or Agency of the London & North Eastern; London, Midland & Scottish or Southern Railways.*

LNER - LMS - SR

A CHRONICLER OF THE 70's

(*Continued from p.* 464)

will surely be familiar. Amidst the skilfully posed group near the door it is possible to discern Lord Salisbury, Randolph Churchill, Lord Leighton, the painters Heilbuth and De Nittis, while, seated on the stairs next to a lady in a fussy pink and white dress, we catch a glimpse of Lord Tennyson. So real and living are all these people that we can almost hear the light chatter hushed to silence with the first notes of the piano, and long to know what the gentleman leaning against the wall is whispering, under cover of his opera hat, to the little dark-haired lady beside him.

And then suddenly in the year 1880 a great sorrow, whose source his biographers leave wrapped in mystery, seems to have overwhelmed Tissot, changing not only his whole manner of life but the expression of his art. Leaving London and his many friends, he journeyed to Palestine, settling down there for ten years and devoting his whole time to painting pictures illustrating the history of the New Testament. In 1895 and 1896 350 of these water colours were exhibited in Paris and London, but instead of returning to his old life Tissot retired to the Abbey of Bouillon and died there in the year 1902.

KASHMIR SUFFERING ANIMALS LEAGUE

It has come to our notice that the Kashmir Suffering Animals League mentioned in a recent article in THE SPHERE is a well-organized Indian charity the work of which deals chiefly with the pack ponies which travel on the mountain tracks of Kashmir and beyond. Animal lovers who wish to send money to this excellent charity may do so in the knowledge that it will be well applied.

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Every liqueur has its own individual character, but it is the delicate orange flavour of Cointreau that makes it so much favoured of the connoisseur, and the fact that it is not excessively sweet confirms its popularity with men as well as with women. It makes the perfect flavouring for fruit salads and grape fruit, while the fashion for cocktails containing Cointreau is at its height. This "fine flower" of all the lovely things that oranges have given to the world is made by the famous firm of Cointreau, of Angers, and specially distilled Extra Dry for shipment to this country, to suit the more austere English palate. Cointreau certainly deserves its outstanding popularity.

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Aberystwyth - Hotel Victoria
Do. - Lion Royal Hotel
Do. - "Deva" Private Hotel
Alnwick - - White Swan Hotel
Alton - - - Swan Hotel
Anglesey - - Cliff Hotel, Trearddur Bay
Ashford - - Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury - - Crown Hotel

Banbury - - White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales) Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down) Royal Hotel
Barmouth - - Marine Hotel
Barnstaple - - Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath - - - Bath Spa Hotel
Do. - - - Grand Pump Room Hotel
Do. - - - Empire Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W. Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed - Waterloo Hotel
Bexley, Kent - The Rising Sun Inn
Blackpool - - Empire Private Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Metropole
Blairgowrie - - Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Blandford, Dorset Crown Hotel
Bognor Regis - Walton House, Walton Avenue
Do. - Gresham Hotel
Do. - Arlington Private Hotel
Boroughbridge - Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth - Branksome Tower Hotel
Do. - Branksome Dene Hotel
Do. - Boscombe Dene
Do. - Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do. - Carlton Hotel
Do. - Cotford Hall Private Hotel
Do. - Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do. - The Haven Hotel
Do. - Hotel Walmer
Do. - The Imperial Hotel
Do. - Marina House Private Hotel
Do. - Osborne Priory Hotel
Do. - Westminster Hall Hotel
Bowness-on-Windermere Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill - - Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan - Allan Water Hotel
Brighton - - Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do. - - Hollywood Hotel
Do. - - Old Ship Hotel
Broadway - - Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora - - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Bude - - - Falcon Hotel
Do. - - - Grenville Hotel
Budleigh Salterton Rosemullion Hotel
Buxton - - The Bedford Hotel
Do. - - - The Old Hall Hotel

Carrigart - - The Rosapenna Hotel (Co. Donegal)
Catterick - - The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford - - Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar - - Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham - - Ellenborough Hotel
Do. - - Plough Hotel
Do. - - Pyatt's Hotel
Chester - - Queen's Hotel
Cirencester - - King's Head Hotel
Do. - - Wellesley House Hotel
Cliftonville - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do. - - Kingscliffe Hotel
Cork - - - Imperial Hotel
Criccieth - - Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do. - - Lion Hotel
Cromer - - - The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock Greyhound Hotel

Dalkey (Co. Dublin) Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish - - - Sefton Hotel
Derby - - - Friary Hotel
Do. - - - Midland Hotel
Dornoch - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa - Impney Hotel
Do. - Raven Hotel
Dublin - - - Central Hotel
Do. - - - Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do. - - - Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries - - County Hotel
Dundee - - - Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld - - Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin) Ross's Hotel
Do. - - Royal Marine Hotel

Eastbourne - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Southdown Hotel
Do. - - The Chatsworth Hotel
Do. - - York House Hotel
Edinburgh - - Caledonian Hotel
Do. - - Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do. - - Roxburghe Hotel
Do. - - Royal British Hotel
Elie - - - Marine Hotel

Falmouth - - Falmouth Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Folkestone - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Queen's Hotel
Fowey - - - Fowey Hotel
Do. - - - St. Catherine's Hotel

Glasgow - - Central Hotel
Do. - - - George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do. - - - St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles - - Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork) Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester - - New Inn Hotel
Do. - - Wellington Hotel
Do. - - Spread Eagle
Goathland - - Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie - - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea The Pier Hotel
Greenock - - Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern - - Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones - - Grand Hotel (Co. Wicklow)

Guernsey - - Richmond Hotel
Guildford - - Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane - - - Bisset's Hotel

Hailsham - - Woodside Residential Hotel & Country Club
Halifax - - - White Swan Hotel
Harrogate - - Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do. - - Crown Hotel
Do. - - Granby Hotel
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Harrogate Hydro Hotel
Do. - - Majestic Hotel
Do. - - Wellington Hotel
Haslemere, Surrey Whitwell Hatch Hotel
Hastings - - Queen's Hotel
Heathfield - - Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames Imperial Hotel
Hereford - - Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead - - Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross - - Hoops Inn
Hove - - - Courtlands Hotel
Do. - - - St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull - - - White House Hotel
Do. - - - Grosvenor Hotel
Do. - - - Imperial Hotel
Hythe - - - Sutherland House Hotel

Ilfracombe - - Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon) Instow Private Hotel
Inverness - - Station Hotel

Kenilworth - - Arden House Hotel
Keswick - - County Hotel
Do. - - Keswick Hotel
Do. - - The Borrowdale Hotel
Do. - - Skiddaw Hotel
Do. - - Queen's Hotel
Do. - - Royal Oak Hotel
Kew Gardens - Cumberland House Private Hotel
Kingstown - - Ross's Hotel (Co. Dublin)
Kingussie - - Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve

Leamington Spa - Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do. - Crown Hotel
Do. - Maisonette Private Hotel
Leeds - - - Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane - Newton House Hotel
Letchworth - - The People's House
Lincoln - - - Grand Hotel
Littlehampton - Southlands Hotel
Liverpool - - Adelphi Hotel
Do. - - Exchange Hotel
Do. - - North Western Hotel
Llandudno - - Empire Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire Loch Awe Hotel
London - - - Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do. - - - Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
Do. - - - Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Rd., S.W.7
Do. - - - Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do. - - - Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do. - - - Cromwell House Private Hotel, 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do. - - - Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1
Do. - - - Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1
Do. - - - Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do. - - - Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do. - - - Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do. - - - New Norfolk Hotel, London Street, W.2
Do. - - - Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do. - - - Rembrandt Hotel, Sth. Kensington, S.W.
Do. - - - Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do. - - - Ruskin Manor Hotel, 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do. - - - South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do. - - - Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
Do. - - - Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do. - - - "Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
Do. - - - West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Do. - - - Wilton Hotel, Victoria, S.W.1
Lossiemouth - Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft - - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis - - Alexandra Hotel
Do. - - Pitt House Hotel
Do. - - Stile House Hotel
Do. - - The Bay Hotel
Lytham - - Clifton Hotel

Maidenhead - - Skindles Hotel
Do. - - Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone - - Royal Star Hotel
Manchester - - Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts - Midland Hotel
Matlock - - Rockside Hydro
Minehead - - Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead Manor House Hotel
Morthoe - - Watersmeet Hotel

Newnham - on - Severn Victoria Hotel
Newquay - - Atlantic Hotel

Newquay - - St. Rumon's Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Victoria
North Berwick - Marine Hotel
Northampton - Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham - - The County Hotel
Do. - - The George Hotel

Oban - - - Great Western Hotel
Do. - - - Station Hotel
Oxford - - - Randolph Hotel

Paignton - - Paignton Palace Hotel
Do. - - Paignton Hydro
Do. - - Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr - Grand Hotel
Penrith - - - Ullswater Hotel
Perth - - - Station Hotel
Petersfield - - Fern Bank Private Hotel
Portheawl - - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - - Seabank Hotel

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Reeth, Richmond Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey) Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks) The King's Head Hotel
Ripon - - - Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down) - Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge - Rumbling Bridge Hotel

St. Andrews - Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea Grand Hotel
St. Ives - - - Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea Alexandra Hotel
Do. - - Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots - - Bridge Hotel
Do. - - New Inn Hotel
Salisbury - - Angel Hotel
Do. - - Old George Hotel
Do. - - The White Hart Hotel
Sandown, I.W. - Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough - Manor Private Hotel
Do. - Pavilion Hotel
Seaton - - Royal Clarence Hotel
Sevenoaks - - Heathfield Private Hotel
Do. - - "Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon) Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin - - Channel View Hotel
Sheffield - - Albany Hotel
Do. - - Angel Hotel
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Sidmouth - - Belmont Hotel
Do. - - Fortfield Hotel
Do. - - Torbay View Hotel
Do. - - Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth Grange Hotel
Do. - "Aberdalgie"
Southport - - Prince of Wales Hotel
Do. - - Parry's Waverley Hotel
Southsea - - Gladstone Hotel
Do. - - Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold - - The Swan Hotel
Staines - - - Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer - - King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon Arden Hotel
Stroud - - - The Bear Inn
Do. - - - Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
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Surbiton - - Oakenshaw, Oak Hill

Taunton - - Castle Hotel
Teignmouth - - Beach Hotel
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Templecombe - Templecombe House Hotel
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Do. - - Thurlestone Hotel
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Torquay - - Allerdale Hotel
Do. - - Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Dartmeet Private Hotel, Belgrave Rd.
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Haldon Manor Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Hennapyn
Do. - - Links Htl, Babbacombe
Do. - - Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do. - - Osborne Hotel
Do. - - Palace Hotel
Do. - - Palm Court Hotel
Do. - - Roslin Hall Hotel
Do. - - The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do. - - The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do. - - Victoria & Albert Hotel
Do. - - White House Hotel
Troon - - - Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells - Earl's Court Hotel
Do. - Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel

Ullapool - - Royal Hotel
Uxbridge - - Brookfield Hotel

Ventnor - - Rocklands Private Hotel, St. Lawrence
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Do. - - Royal Marine Hotel
Do. - - Belmont Private Hotel

Waltham Cross - Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick - - Lord Leycester Hotel
Wellington, Som. Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea - Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool - Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare - Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd.
Do. - - Crosby Hall Hotel
Do. - - Royal Pier Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks - Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay - Waverley Hotel
Winchester - - Talbot Hotel
Windermere - - Belsfield Hotel
Do. - - Low Wood Hotel
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Do. - Woolacombe Bay Hotel
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